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MOSAICS

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MOSAICS OF LIFE.

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MOSAICS

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

BY

ELIZABETH A. THURSTON.

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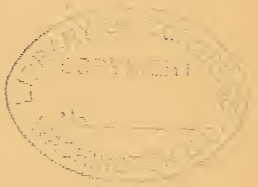

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INTRODUCTORY.

THERE is a pleasant old story, that once upon a time, Truth went into a library, and burnt all the books, save two or three! The compiler of a book, in his, or her best estate, must be considered one of the humblest servants of her Majesty. Nevertheless if there be

"A natural gift,
The lettered grain from lettered chaff to sift,"

such followers and gleaners have their value.

The collection is a motley one;

"A thing of shreds and patches;"

But such is life—a mingled thread—"An April day; sunshine and showers alternate; joy follows close upon the heels of sorrow. The funeral procession scarcely passes, ere we are gazing on the wedding pageant."

As it is not yet determined by universal consent of naturalists, whether the egg preceded the hen, or the hen the egg, could I begin my mosaics better than to follow the order of one of the most authentic beginnings of life extant? namely, that of the "grand old gardener," and his wife; and introduce

my characters in Eden! If an Eden can be to mortals, perhaps the era of wooing and betrothal approaches it most nearly.

I would say, in conclusion, to all who read, to all who receive, and to all who give away this compilation, [may their number be Legion,] that if I have collected pictures touching and graphic on many phases of human life; if I have gathered together quaint and valuable sayings; if I have been a faithful and loving step-mother to a pleasant and suggestive book, I have an abundant reward.

ELIZABETH A. THURSTON.

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BETROTHAL.

Mosaics of Life.

BETROTHAL.

MIRANDA. Do you love me?
FERDINAND. I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.
MIRANDA. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
FERDINAND. Here's my hand,
MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in't.
TEMPEST—Act III., Scene I.

THE LONG PATH.

I FELT very weak, indeed, (though of a tolerably robust habit,) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question: "Will you take the long path with me?" "Certainly," said the school-mistress, "with much pleasure." "Think," I said, "before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!" The school-mistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks, used as seats, was hard by. "Pray, sit down," I said. "No—no," she answered, softly; "I will walk the *long path* with you!"

The old gentleman who sits opposite, met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, "Good morning, my dears!"

O. W. Holmes.

Extract from "ARTEVELDE."

ADRIANA. Nay, said I not—
And if I said it not, I say it now;
I'll follow thee through sunshine, and through storm;
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,
In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee;
In thy temptations, when bad men beset thee;
In all the perils which must now press round thee,
And should they crush thee, in the hour of death.
Let but thy love be with me to the last.

ARTEVELDE.
My love is with thee ever; that thou knowest.

Henry Taylor.

A KING'S WOOING.

CANST thou love me, Kate? A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a *good heart*, Kate, is the sun and moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou wouldst have such an one, have me. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee, that I shall die, is true; but, for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too.

KING HENRY V.—Act V., Scene II.

THERESA'S ANSWER TO WILHELM.

I AM yours, as I am, and as you know me; I call you mine, as you are, and as I know you. What in ourselves, wedlock changes, we shall study to adjust by reason, cheerfulness, and mutual good-will.

Goethe.

MARRIAGES are best of dissimilar material, as iron runs not so well upon iron as upon brass; only the dissimilarity must not be too great, else it is all wear and tear.

Theodore Parker.

HESITATION.

BUT when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day;
And so it was, half shy, half sly,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone!

Alfred Tennyson.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet-creeper loves the elm;
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth;
Shall I wed thee?

Bayard Taylor.

IN buying horses, and *taking a wife*, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God!

Italian.

NOBODY COULD HAVE SEEN IT.

FAST down the staircase swinging,
With flying feet I passed;
Quick up the staircase springing,
He came and held me fast;
And the stairs are dark and dim—
Many a kiss I had from him,
And nobody could have seen it.

Down into the hall demurely,
The guests were assembled there;
My cheeks flushed hot, and surely
My lips did their tale declare.
I thought they looked at me every one,
And saw what we together had done,
Yet nobody could have seen it.

The garden its sweets displaying,
Beckoned me out of doors;
The welcome call obeying,
I hastened to look at the flowers;
There blushed the roses all around,
There sang the birds with merry sound,
As if they all had seen it.

From the German.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But ah! I tak' it sair amiss,
To be sae teazed before folk,
Behave yourself before folk,
When we're alane, ye may tak' ane,
But nent a ane before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae dune before folk.
Ye tell me that my lips are sweet;
Sic tales, I doubt are a deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prie their sweets before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,

And mak' me yours before folk;
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk!

Scotch Song.

JUDY M'LEARY.

'TWAS Judy McLeary so fresh and so merry,
Was milking the cow at her own cabin door,
And thinking of nothing at all in the world,
But the flowers that were blooming the cabin roof o'er.
The steps that she heard at her side the same minute,
The voice that so musical broke on her ear,
The sigh that came warm on her rosy red cheek,
All spoke to her heart then of Terry McLeare.

"Oh, Judy McLeary, you beautiful soul,
It's yourself I am thinking of three days and more,
But I crooshed down my heart till I felt it was breaking,
And then, you persave, I could bear it no more.
Then tell me, dear Judy, at once if you're willing
To lave your own cabin so lovely and dear,
To gladden my life with your smile and your singing,
The Guardian Angel of Terry McLeare."

The tear-drop in Judy's bright eye was fast gathering,
And deep was the sorrow that spoke in her tone;
"Oh, Terry, me darlint, how can I go wid you,
To lave me poor mother, an orfin, alone?
Would you lave your own father, and sisters, and brothers?
They're dozens and dozens, they'd never miss you,
And welcome ye'd be to our own little cabin,
It's plenty convanient for us and you too."

Then Judy stopped quickly, and looked on the ground,
For she feared she was speaking of more than was right;
But Terry, he blessed her with warm Irish feeling,
And gained the consent of her mother that night.
The bells they were ringing, and glad voices singing,
A welcome to Judy's own cabin so dear,
And never the cow was suspecting the change
From Judy McLeary to Judy McLeare.

JENNY KISSED ME!

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Twice, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad:
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me!

Leigh Hunt.

AN OFFER.

I WANT you, Carrie, for my wife. You may hunt far and wide, but you'll find nobody that'll keer for you as I will. Every man, Carrie, that's wuth his salt must find a woman to work for, and when he's nigh on to thirty as I am, he wants to see a youngster growing up to take his place when he gits old: otherwise, no matter how lucky he is, there's not much comfort in livin'. Perhaps I don't talk quite as fine as some, but talking's like the froth on the creek, maybe it's shallow, and

maybe it's deep—you can't tell. The heart's the main thing,
and thank God, I'm right there. Carrie, don't trifle with me.

Bayard Taylor.

THE CONFESSION.

[What the Maiden said to her Lover.]

Versicles for Lovers only.

I.

AND must I tell thee, dearest, that I trembled, when thy name
Was uttered in our household, in honor, or in blame;
And when thy manliness and worth all voices echoed loud,
I coined some trifling error, my secret to enshroud;
Some dust upon the blossom, on the peerless gem a stain,
A cloud in the cerulean, a shadow on the main.

II.

Though gallant youths full many might throng the festive hall,
One noble form my partial eye could see amidst them all;
Though suitors clustered round me, and worshiped at my shrine,
A cold abstracted notice, and changeless cheek were mine;
A mist, a cloud, o'ershadowed the view of all save thee—
Oh, if the wise ones listened, what would they think of me?

III.

A dull, dull weight was at my heart, how sad the eve flew by,
If vainly, midst the motley crew, I sought thy speaking eye;
But mine the merry, merry heart, and thrill of maiden glee,
If haply, in a far-off group, I caught one glimpse of thee,
Did I mark thy hastening footstep, oh, how I strove to hide
The tell-tale blushes on my cheek, fretting my maiden pride.

IV.

I dare not own, Confessor, though I remember well,
When, from a distant city, arrived a brilliant belle;
Her manners so bewitching, so exquisite her brow,
Her eyes, the winning hazel hue, I think I see them now,
How much I feared those eyes would come between my love and me!
I felt that she was fair and good, and almost worthy thee!

V.

And must I own, Confessor, how oft I strolled alone,
And mused upon thy flattering speech, and most persuasive tone,
And marveled that thou didst not say the words I wished yet feared,
Full many a castle, fair and grand, my frolic fancy reared,
And spite of bitter, rankling words, *good-natured* friends might say,
My trusting heart forever found some cause for thy delay?

VI.

And yet full oft would I resolve, that never, never more
One thought of thee should haunt my mind, and conned it o'er and o'er,
A hopeless task indeed it was, such mandate to obey,
I counsel each young maiden such trial to essay;
But when thy deep devotion no longer was concealed,
And jealous doubts and earnest hopes thy changeless heart revealed;

VII.

The depth of joy which thrilled my soul, forbade my lips to speak,
But could a lover's searching glance distrust my mantling cheek;

I hoped my life might prove for thee one long self-sacrifice,
And prayed that I thy fondest dreams might ever realize;
And now are told, Confessor, my whims and follies, all,
And censure from the *wise*, I think, most powerless will fall!

Elizabeth Austin.

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a' breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowry, the laird of Dumeller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My Minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was wauking,
My droukit sark-sleeve as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry,
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif' ye will *advise* me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen!

Robert Burns.

WOMEN see through Claude Lorraines.

R. W. Emerson.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I LOVED him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by Genius given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, blame, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him, I would not have borne!
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, that, wanting him,
The world had power to give beside!

L. E. Landon.

ONE Clairvoyance on earth is certain, and that is the Clairvoyance of true love.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I,
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best when'er I sing,
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story;
An old rude song, that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With down-cast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

All impulses of soul and sense,
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve.

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An unextinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight;
She blushed with love and maiden shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The beating of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve—
My bright and beauteous Bride!

S. T. Coleridge.

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning,
When my friend with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' persuasion,
By himself a mistress took,
And the Destinies recorded
Another two, within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride,
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins,
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her,
One was dark, and one was fair,
But nor fair, nor dark, the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
Yes, to thee, and only thee—

Gazed upon the dark-eyed maiden,
Who was fairest of the three,
Then he thought. "How blest the bridal
Were the bride but such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered as the churchman
Dwelt upon the holy text;
Which of all who heard the lesson,
Should require his service next.

Whose will be the next occasion,
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady,
Or, who knows, it may be mine;
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—
What if 't were—both mine and thine?

T. W. Parsons.

LIFE outweighs all things, if Love lies within it.

Goethe.

O LADY, trust the generous boy,
His smiles are full of light and joy,
And e'en his most envenomed dart,
Is better than a vacant heart.

L. M. Child

BRINGING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a summer's morn,
While the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house,
Sounds of lightly tripping feet.
'Twas a lowly cottage maiden,
Going, why, let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden,
Fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway,
All along the quiet lane,
And the breezes of the morning
Moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow,
Passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charméd heart within her,
Thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings,
For the nodding leaves in vain,
Sought to press their bright'ning image
On her ever busy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her,
Like a dim, half-waking dream,
And her soul was only conscious
Of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning,
Lay a well of water bright,
Singing soft its hallelujahs
To the gracious morning light;

Fern leaves, broad, and green, bent o'er it,
Where its silver droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it,
In the spotted fox-glove bell.

Back she bent the shading fern-leaves,
Dipped the pitcher in the tide—
Drew it, with the dripping waters
Flowing o'er its glazed side.
But before her arm could place it
On her shiny, wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing!
Love rejoiced to see the pair.

Tones of tremulous emotion
Trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart devotion
Whispered 'neath the ancient trees.
But the holy, bless'd secrets,
It becomes me not to tell:
Life had met another meaning—
Fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered,
He the burdened pitcher bore;
She with dewy eyes down looking,
Grew more beauteous than before!
When they neared the silent homestead,
Up he raised the pitcher light,
Like a fitting crown he placed it
On her head of wavelets bright.

Emblem of the coming burdens
That for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burden blessed,
If his love but lighten there!

Then, still waving benedictions,
Further—further off he drew,
While the shadow seemed a glory
That across the pathway grew.

Now about the household duties
Silently the maiden went,
And an ever radiant halo
With her daily life was blent.
Little knew the ancient matron,
As her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasure found she,
Fetching water from the well.

IN the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.

Varnhagen von Ense.

THE APPEAL.

OH! mother, cease to break my heart,
I vow it now, I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips,
His lips shall one day take again!
Ah, well I mind the summer eve,
A low scud swept the waning moon,
And o'er the ripened clover-lea
Floated the balmy breath of June.

Among the dreamy woodland glooms,
Alone, we breathed our parting sighs;
Only the silent watching stars
Looked on us, with their holy eyes.

No golden circlet bound our love,
  No vow at sacred altar given;
Yet, in that hour, our married souls
  Were registered as one, in heaven.

I will not live, a guilty thing,
  Pillowed upon another's breast,
While every thought I send to him,
  Shall scare God's angels from my rest!
Perjured—before a new-born soul!
  [If such in holy trust were given,]
Mother, *I need a clean white hand*
  To lead a little child to Heaven!

Oh, turn away your cruel eyes!
  The gold you'd sell me for is dim;
What need I bargain for the world?
  I have my full round world in him.
Then, mother, cease to break my heart,
  I vow it now, I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips,
  His lips shall one day take again!

Sarah Warner Brooks.

SCHULE—LOVE.

'TWAS then we luvit ilk ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time! sad time! twa bairns at schule,
  Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee!

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleeked thegither hame?
I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The time of life's young day!

William Motherwell.

LOVE.

LOVE? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young and life a thing divine,
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine,
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss,
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.
Yes! this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest gift the heart e'er knew;
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet.
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then, which is but *memory* now.

Charles Swain.

È cosa si dolce, l' essere amato!

Glüchlich allein ist die seele die liebt.

Gothe's Egmont.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a foot-fall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind!
It drew me nearer—nearer,
We did not speak a word;
But the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

R. M. Milnes.

AN EXPERIENCE.

A HAPPY lover who has come,
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone, and far from home.

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE hydden traynes I know, and secret snares of Love,
How soone a luke will prynte a thoughte that never may remove.

Howard—Earl of Surry.

ONE of the most wonderful things in nature, is a glance; it transcends speech; it is the bodily symbol of identity.

R. W. Emerson.

THE PICTURE AT THE FOUNTAIN.

FENELI leaned her head upon the breast of him whom she accepted thus as her husband. As the waves of the fountain succeeded each other, pure and limpid, so the certainty of his happiness floated into the heart of Ulric. He pressed the young girl gently in his arms. What he said first was lost in the murmuring of the water; then the fountain heard, "Will you be mine?" "Yes, forever." It heard other things besides, but it has never repeated them.

Jeremias Gotthelf.

THE supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved; loved for ourselves—say rather, loved in spite of ourselves.

Victor Hugo.

BE loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude and fayre, of hir have care,
A woman's banning's wondrous sair.

Anne Boswell.

LOVE sought, is good; but given unsought, is better.

TWELFTH NIGHT—Act III., Scene I.

TO ———

TOO late I staid—forgive the crime;
The minutes flew like hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time!
That only treads on flowers!

Oh! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

William R. Spencer.

ASSOCIATION.

LORENZO. You came to Mantua?
MARIANA. What could I do?
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him!
Could I remain behind? I followed him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walked upon,
To look upon the things he looked upon,
To look, perchance, on him!

J. S. Knowles.

A TALISMAN.

[I love thee, and I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.]

P. B. Shelley.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better break or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still,
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn
and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate;
Whatever on my heart may fall, remember, I *would* risk it
all.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

WHEN it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but *once!*

Sir Philip Sydney.

MARRIAGE.

THOSE awful words, "Till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.

Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
Though scarcely entered on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
His sugared speech with raptured ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She quits her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And love is fled, to come no more.
Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state,
But Hymen, generous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind;
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god.
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below,
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks control;
And though a slave in Love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him,
If few those faults, you must not flout him;
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As *want of temper, want of sense.*

Vision VII. on Marriage—Nathaniel Cotton.

I CHOSE my wife as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well.

Oliver Goldsmith.

FROM my experience, not one in twenty marries the first love; we build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt.

Walter Scott.

TO know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no place
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;

But if she, whom Love doth honor,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

Percy's Reliques.

THE ANNOYER.

HE blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

N. P. Willis.

BRIDAL SONG,

To my Sister on the Morning of her Marriage.

GOLDEN in thy youth, Lizzie,
Golden in thy prime,
Golden wilt thou be, Lizzie,
In the olden time.

Linger on the stile, Lizzie,
Back and forth glance free;
Listen while I sing, Lizzie,
Bridal song for thee.

Wildly music swept, Lizzie,
O'er thy dewy dawn;
Mellowed now, but yet, Lizzie,
Sweet as in its morn.

Gently, bravely borne, Lizzie,
Life's past scenes of woe;
With the lesson fraught, Lizzie,
Safely onward go.

Wisdom calmly wends, Lizzie,
Sadly, nor in glee;
Be not all too wise, Lizzie,
Laughter loveth thee.

Sandals shod with lead, Lizzie,
Lengthen out the way;
But the light heart *lives*, Lizzie,
Lend thee to its sway.

Merry make the Manse, Lizzie,
Sinners save by smiles;
Saints may not withstand, Lizzie,
Woman's winning wiles.

Tell it not in Gath, Lizzie,
Nor in Askalon,
That I dream and rhyme, Lizzie,
For my lay is done.

Mistress coy is Law, Lizzie,
Brooketh rival none;
Laughs to scorn the Muse, Lizzie,
So my lay is done.

Henry D. Austin.

THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

THUS it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us;
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE BRIDAL—A PICTURE.

ALIVE with eyes, the village sees
The Bridal dawning from the trees,
And housewives swarm i' the sun like bees:

Love's lovely to the passer-by,
But they who love are regioned high
On hills of bliss with heaven nigh.

The Blessing given, the ring is on
And at God's altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one!

FROM the sky the sun, benignant,
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "Oh, my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shallow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendor,
Whispered to them, "Oh, my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble:
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

H. W. Longfellow.

WEDDED LIFE.

WEDDED LIFE.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
Oh gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives,
Something immortal still survives!

H. W. Longfellow.

To be man's tender mate was woman born,
And, in obeying nature, she best serves
The purposes of Heaven.

Schiller.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

WHEN shall we come to that delightful day
When each can say to each, "Dost thou remember?"
Let us fill urns with rose leaves in our May,
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December?

For who may deem the reign of love secure,
Till in a mighty past is built his throne;
Hope is a star each vapor can obscure,
Memory the only empire all her own.

'Tis the heart's home to have a world, in time
Of happy thoughts that we have known before,
Hearing, in common words, the holy chime
Of those sweet Sabbath-bells—the dreams of yore.

Oft dost thou ask me, with that bashful eye,
"If I shall love thee evermore as now?"
Feasting as fondly on the sure reply,
As if my lips were virgin of the vow!

Sweet does that question, "Wilt thou love me?" fall
Upon the heart that has forsworn its will;
But when the words hereafter we recall,
"Dost thou remember?"—shall be sweeter still!

A CAUTION.

EV'N in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The graces might *alone* his heart *allure;*
They, and the virtues *meeting* must *secure.*
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
Endearing still the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled face shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone.

Lord George Lyttleton.

WER sich nicht achtet, ehrt die Frauen nicht,
Wer nicht die Frauen ehrt, kennt er die Liebe?
Wer nicht die Liebe kennt, kennt er die Ehre?
Wer nicht die Ehre kennt, was hat er noch?

Leopold Schefer.

I SHOULD not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Percy's Reliques.

DARKEY'S COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

MY chil'ren, lub one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—fur lub will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot burning sand; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung ter one anoder; an' fru ebery ting in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—[dem war our bad ways]—war atween us; but lub, like de sun, shone down on us, 'an we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch, an' dat little branch—dem war

our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we 'm ole trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, an' freaten ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we'm growin closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day—an' soon de ole tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine roun' one anoder; soon de two ole trees will come togedder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber 'll blow, whar de storm neber 'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit ter de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom foreber! Amen.

Edmund Kirke.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

O! MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears;
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom, and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree

We staid and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought;
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine;
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought;
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower;
O, then, I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thy eye;

And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak—
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

Allan Cunningham.

TO MY WIFE,

On the Ninth Anniversary of her Marriage.

NINE years ago you came to me,
And nestled on my breast,
A soft and winged mystery
That settled here to rest;
And my heart rocked its Babe of bliss,
And soothed its Child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form
Too spirit-soft and good
To fill my poor, low nest with warm
And wifely womanhood.
But such a cozy peep of home
Did your dear eyes unfold;
And in their deep and dewy gloom,
What tales of love were told!

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped,
As tendrils lean to twine,
And very graciously they stooped
To bear their fruit, my Vine!

To bear such blessed fruit of love
As tenderly increased
Among the ripe vine-bunches of
Your balmy-breathing breast.

We cannot boast to have bickered not,
Since you and I were wed;
We have not lived the smoothest lot,
Nor found the downiest bed!
Time hath not passed o'er head in stars,
And under foot in flowers,
With wings that slept on fragrant airs
Thro' all the happy hours.

It is our way, more fate than fault,
Love's cloudy fire to clear;
To find some virtue in the salt
That sparkles in a tear!
Pray God it all come right at last,
Pray God it so befall,
That when our day of life is past,
The end may crown it all.

Gerald Massey.

A QUESTION.

DID I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs blow with prosperous gales,
And fortune's favors fill the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

Matthew Pryor.

TEN YEARS AGO.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feelings we ne'er can know again;
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;
But where, oh! where's the spirit's glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus: I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seemed so fair.
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago!.

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that soothed that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago?

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee;

But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;
Sweet feelings we could not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

Alaric A. Watts.

NOTHING flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a *wife* is a drop of poison to her husband.

Moser.

HAPPY, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth!

Mrs. Hemans.

LOVE knows no measure, has no grave.

Italian.

LOVE makes all things possible.

Lamerais.

IF we really love a person, let him be thousands of miles away, he is at the *end of our eyes!*

Hindoo Saying.

THOU art not gone being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

GOOD AND BAD SPIRITS.

BAD SPIRITS—

THINK on what thou hast given up! think on thy own merits! Thou canst annoy; thou canst punish. Take refuge in thy nerves, in unkindness; make use of thy power, and enjoy the pleasure of revenge!

GOOD SPIRITS—

Think on thy wants, on thy faults. Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shown thee! Think on thy husband's worth, on his beautiful, noble qualities. Think also on life, how short it is; how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses; how much which it is easy either to bear or chase away; and think how the power of *affection* can make all things right.

Frederika Bremer.

WHO are *they*, that in one path have journeyed, needing not *forgiveness* at its close?

TWO consorts must be very two, before they can be very one.

R. W. Emerson.

Two consorts in heaven are not *two*, but *one* angel.

Swedenborg.

MARRIAGE is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds.

Thomas Fuller.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

THE kindest and the happiest pair,
Will have occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live
To pity, and perhaps, forgive.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

William Cowper.

GIVE me next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art,
Some knowledge on her part, will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify,
They are most firmly good, who best know why.

"The Wife."—Sir Thomas Overbury.

SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome chere, all grief for to expel,
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The trees, also, should be of crispéd gold,
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

From "MANUEL DES PECHES."

NOTHING is to man so dear,
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven;
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true;
No dearer is none in God's hurd,
Than a chaste woman with lovely word.

William de Wadington, translated by Robert Manning.

THERE'S nae place sae sweet as one's ain fireside,
With kind friends to cheer me, and gay ones to glad;
I can laugh when I'm merry and sing when I'm sad,
Oh, there's nae place sae sweet as one's ain fireside!

Old Song.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

HOW sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead, indeed, as we shall know for ever.
Alas! We think not what we daily see
About our hearts—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt.

HUMAN life is a constant want, and ought to be a constant prayer.

S. Osgood.

ONLY so far as a man is happily married to himself, is he fit for married life and family life, generally.

Novalis.

ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

THERE is no more sunshiny inmate of any home than the genial happy-tempered one who has the art of putting all things in a pleasant light, from the great misfortunes of life, down to a broken carriage spring, a servant's failings, a child's salts and senna.

Boyd.

ALL persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle.

Cervantes.

TO MY BIRDIE.

YE ken when folks are paired, Birdie! ye ken when folks are paired,
Life's fair and foul, and freakish weather,
An' light an' lumbering loads, thegither
Maun a' be shared;
An' shared with lovin' hearts, Birdie! wi' lovin' hearts and free,
Fu' fashious loads may weel be borne;
An' roughest roads to velvet turn,
Trod cheerfully.

Caroline Southey.

A WARNING.

AS the husband is, the wife is; if mated with a clown,
The grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Alfred Tennyson.

TRIFLES, NOT TRIFLES.

"NOTHING is a *trifle* which is displeasing to my friend." Ah! If everybody thought so, there would not so often arise that dull bad weather, those clouded feelings, those little bitter disagreeables, by which not only married people, but brothers and sisters, parents and children, by degrees, embitter one another's lives, and which create altogether that great grey heavy oppressive cloud—*discomfort*. A fly is a very light burden; but if it were perpetually to return and settle on one's nose, it might weary us of our very lives; and by the side of this we would inscribe upon the tablets of Home. "Nothing is insignificant which gives pleasure to our friend!" Because, from this arises that bright summer-mild atmosphere in the home, which is called *comfort*.

Frederika Bremer.

THE LENT UMBRELLA.

"DO you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? and you've lent that man our only umbrella! *Take cold*, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. *He* return the umbrella? As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stay at home, and never learn anything—the blessed creatures—sooner than go and get wet; and when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their own father. People who can't feel for their own children

ought never to be fathers. But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you know that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-ful, I'll go all the same. No; and I won't have a cab.

"Where do you think the money's to come from? A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence at least—sixteen pence—two and eight pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em. I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will, and, what's more, I'll walk every step of the way, and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a *foolish woman;* it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death. Yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course! Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you, or anybody else. Gracious knows 'tisn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed I might as well be a slave at once; better, I should say. But when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go out as a lady. Oh! that rain, if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I won't *borrow* an umbrella. No, and you shan't buy one. (With great emphasis)—Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I had known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! Pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella! I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used: but then, sir, you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will; else you'd never have lent the umbrella. * * * I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all, because we've no umbrella. The children too, dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. And if they get their death of cold, it's not my fault. I did not lend the umbrella!"

"Here," says Caudle, "I fell asleep; and dreamt that

the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

Douglas Jerrold.

HIM that has a good wife, no evil in life that may not be borne can befall;
Him that has a bad wife, no good thing in life can chance to that good you can call.

Spanish Saying.

THERE'S but a gude wife in the country, and ilka man thinks he's got her.

Scotch.

AH! gentle dames, it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the *wife* despises!

Robert Burns.

A TABLE OF ERRATA.

Hostess Loquitur.

WELL! thanks be to Heaven,
The summons is given;
It's only gone seven
And should have been six;
There's fine overdoing
In roasting and stewing,
And victuals past chewing,
To rags and to sticks!

How dreadfully chilly!
I shake, willy-nilly;
That John is so silly,
And never will learn;
This plate is a cold one;
That cloth is an old one;
I wish they had told one
The lamp wouldn't burn.

Now, then, for some blunder,
For nerves to sink under;
I never shall wonder
Whatever goes ill.
That fish is a riddle;
It's broke in the middle;
A Turbot? a fiddle!
It's only a Brill!

It's quite overboiled too;
The butter is oiled too;
The soup is all spoiled too—
It's nothing but slop.
The smelts looking flabby,
The soles are so dabby;
It is so shabby,
That cook shall not stop!

As sure as the morning
She gets a month's warning,
My orders for scorning—
There's nothing to eat!
I hear such a rushing;
I feel such a flushing;
I know I am blushing
As red as a beet!

Friends flatter and flatter;
I wish they would chatter;
What *can* be the matter
That nothing comes next?
How very unpleasant!
Lord! there is the pheasant!
Not wanted at present—
I'm born to be vext!

The pudding brought on, too,
And aiming at ton, too,
And where is that John, too,
The plague that he is!
He's off on some ramble,
And there is Miss Campbell
Enjoying the scramble—
Detestable quiz!

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it;
An ogre would shy it,
So ruddy as that!
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it's put on
Converts to a button
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard!
My fate's to be flustered;
And there comes the custard
To eat with the hare!
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing!
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear!

O, dear! did I ever?
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
To send up the brawn!
That cook, I could scold her,
Gets worse as she's older;
I wonder who told her
That woodcocks are drawn!

It's really audacious!
I cannot look gracious,
Lord help the voracious
That came for a cram!
There's Alderman Fuller
Gets duller and duller,
Those fowls, by the color,
Were boiled with the ham!

Well, where is the curry?
I'm all in a flurry,
No, cook's in no hurry—
A stoppage again!
And John makes it wider—
A pretty provider!
By bringing up cider
Instead of champagne!

My troubles come faster!
There's my lord and master
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit.
He cannot help seeing
All things disagreeing;
If he begins d——ing
I'm off in a fit!

This cooking! it's messing!
The spinach wants pressing,
And salads in dressing
  Are best with good eggs.
And John—yes, already—
Has had something heady,
That makes him unsteady
  In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it?
I never can do it;
I'm quite looking to it,
  To sink by and by.
O! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
  And have a good cry!!!

Thomas Hood.

THE happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Coleridge.

THE UNREASONABLE HUSBAND.

A WIFE, domestic, good, and pure,
Like *snail* should keep within her door;

But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wardrobe on *her back!*

A wife should be like *echo*, true,
Not speak but when she's spoken to;

Yet not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word!

Like a *town clock* a wife should be,
Keep *time* and *regularity;*

But not like clock harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear!

THE WOMAN-LYE MASTER-PIECE.

PALMER—

AND this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women, five hundred thousand;
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience
Any one woman out of patience! ! !

POTICARY—

By the mass, there's a great lye!

PARDONER—

I never heard a greater, by our Ladie!

PEDLER—

A greater! nay, know you any one so great?

Merry John Heywood.

THE GOOD WIFE.

SHE never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it. Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. In her husband's absence, she is wife and deputy-husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return, he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad. Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

Thomas Fuller.

LET no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel.

George Chapman.

A WOMAN in a single state may be happy, and may be miserable; but *most* happy, *most* miserable—these are epithets, which, with rare exceptions, belong exclusively to a wife.

S. T. Coleridge.

MUTUAL FORGIVENESS.

I SUPPOSE the brides are few who have not wept once over the hasty words of a husband, not six months married; and I suppose there are few husbands who, in the early part of their married life, have not felt that perhaps their choice was not a wise one. Breaches of harmony will occur between imperfect men and women; but all evil results may be avoided by a resolution, well kept on both sides, to ask forgiveness for the hasty word, the peevish complaint, the unshared pleasure; and if there is a *frank* and *worthy* nature, a quarrel is impossible.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

THE very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination. He was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast: she was all life and gladness.

Washington Irving.

THE RETURN.

AND will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gude man's awa.

William J. Mickle

TO MY WIFE,

On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which was also her Birth-day.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed;"
So, fourteen years ago, I said.
Behold another ring! For what?
To wed thee o'er again. Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Mary then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense, as pure,
As when amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
The riper virtues of thy heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why? They show me every hour
Honor's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things but repentance.

Samuel Bishop.

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessing when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth.
The violet bed's not sweeter!

Middleton.

STRONG indeed is the man who has a good wife; a sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman, who makes a man's nature all the stronger, by making it more tender.

S. Osgood.

ILLUSIONS.

WE are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations, and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet with, and all are tripped up first or last. But the mighty Mother, who had been so sly with us, as if she felt she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys. We find a delight in the beauty and happi-

ness of children, that makes the heart too big for the body. In the worst assorted connections there is ever some mixture of true marriage. Teague and his jade get some just relations of mutual respect, kindly observation, and fostering of each other, learn something, and would carry themselves wiselier, if they were now to begin.

R. W. Emerson.

BREAKFAST TALK.

No. 1.

IT'S rather extraordinary, Mrs. Smith, that you can't make me a proper cup of tea. Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think I'm a canary bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? I think I've put up with your neglect long enough; therefore, Mrs. Smith, if my tea is not made a little more to my liking to-morrow, and if you insult me with a herring like that, and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns; why, perhaps, Mrs. Smith, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I'm up—I say, when I'm up—that's all. Where did I put my gloves? *You don't know?* Of course, not; you know nothing.

Douglas Jerrold.

BREAKFAST TALK.

No. 2.

BY the bye, Sarah, just put half a dozen shirts, and all that sort of thing, in my portmanteau, I'm going—There you are with your black looks again! I can never go anywhere, just a little to enjoy myself, but you look like thunder. What! *I might sometimes take you out?* Nonsense; women—that is,

women when they're married—are best at home. Half a dozen shirts, I say, and my shaving-tackle. Do you hear me, Mrs. Smith? Perhaps when you've done counting the legs of that fly on the ceiling, you'll attend to me. Eh? *I think you never want to go out?* Quite the contrary; it's my belief you'd always be out. I've no opinion of any woman who wants to go out at all. Women were never intended to go out. They manage these matters much better in the East. I should have told you where I was going, but, as you've shown your temper, I won't tell you a syllable. No; nor I shan't tell you who I'm going with, or when I shall be back. When you see me, then you may expect me, and not before. And mind that all the buttons are on my shirts—that's all. *It's miserable always being left by yourself?* Yourself, indeed! Ain't there books in the house? I'm sure you'd be none the worse for 'em. Besides, there's the Cookery book; read that. A wife can't study anything better. All I say to you is, stay at home; you've a needle and thread, haven't you? and I'll be sworn for it, plenty of things to make and mend. And if you haven't, cut holes, and sew 'em up again. Now, see when I come home that my portmanteau's ready. What's o'clock? *You want five minutes to ——?* No doubt; the old story; you're always wanting something.

Douglas Jerrold.

"HEAVEN will be no heaven to me, if I do not meet my wife there."

Andrew Jackson.

"I CAN wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

Washington Irving.

'TIS sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Lord Byron.

WOMEN act their parts,
When they do make their ordered houses know them.

J. S. Knowles.

THE TRUEST FRIENDSHIP.

IN wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
"Blest state! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law!"
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow!

Nathaniel Cotton.

A TRUE WIFE.

O, WHAT a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving! Not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so nighly bound to heaven.
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short;
If he lament, she melts herself in tears;
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stir,

She moves his way; * * *
All store without her leaves a man but poor;
And with her poverty is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her; her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms enfold
(With her alone) a complete world of gold.

George Chapman.

"ANGELS UNAWARES."

LITTLE can we tell who share,
Our household hearth of love and care!

Therefore with grave tenderness
Should we strive to cheer and bless,

All who live this little life—
Husband, children, sire, or wife,

Lest we wrong some seraph here,
Who has left some starry sphere,

Exiled from the heavens above,
To fulfill a mortal love.

T. Powell.

WOMAN.

SHE presideth in the house, and there is peace. She commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed. She ariseth in the morning; she considers her affairs; and appointeth to every one their proper business. The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions. She informeth

the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness. The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience. In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of Fortune with patience. The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort. Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

Robert Dodsley.

IT is a delightful thought, that during the familiarity of constant proximity, the heart gathers up in silence the nutriment of love, as the diamond, even beneath water, imbibes the light it emits. Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love.

Richter.

THE STORY OF KARIN.

KARIN the fair, Karin the gay,
She came on the morn of her bridal day;

She came to the mill-pond clear and bright,
And viewed hersel' in the morning light.

"And, oh," she cried, that my bonny brow
May ever be white and smooth as now!

"And, oh, my hair, that I love to braid,
Be yellow in sunshine, and brown in shade!

"And, oh, my waist, sae slender and fine,
May it never need girdle longer than mine!"

She lingered and laughed o'er the waters clear,
When sudden she starts and shrieks with fear:

"Oh, what is this face, sae laidly old,
That looks at my side in the waters cold?"

She turns around to view the bank,
And the osier willows dark and dank;

And from the fern she sees arise
An aged crone wi' awsome eyes.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "ye're a bonny bride!
See how ye'll fare gin the New Year tide!

"Ye'll wear a robe sae blithely gran',
An ell-long girdle canna span.

"When twal-months three shall pass away,
Your berry-brown hair shall be streaked with gray,

"And gin ye be mither of bairnies nine,
Your brow shall be wrinkled and dark as mine."

Karin she sprang to her feet wi' speed,
And clapped her hands abune her head:

"I pray to the saints and spirits all,
That never a child may me mither call!"

The crone drew near, and the crone she spake:
"Nine times flesh and banes shall ache.

"Laidly and awsome ye shall wane
Wi' toil, and care and travail-pain."

"Better," said Karin, "lay me low,
And sink for aye in the waters' flow!"

The crone raised her withered hand on high,
And showed her a tree that stood hard by.

"And take of the bonny fruit," she said,
"And eat till the seeds are dark and red.

"Count them less, or count them more,
Nine times you shall number o'er;

"And when each number you shall speak,
Cast seed by seed into the lake."

Karin she ate of the fruit sae fine;
'Twas mellow as sand, and sweet as brine.

Seed by seed she let them fall;
The waters rippled over all.

But ilka seed as Karin threw,
Up rose a bubble to her view,

Up rose a sigh from out the lake,
As though a baby's heart did break.

* * * *

Twice nine years are come and gone;
Karin the fair, she walks her lone.

She sees around on ilka side
Maiden and mither, wife and bride;

Wan and pale her bonny brow,
Sunken and sad her eyelids now,

Slow her step, and heavy her breast,
And never an arm whereon to rest.

The old kirk-porch when Karin spied,
The postern door was open wide.

"Wae's me!" she said, "I'll enter in,
And shrive me from my every sin."

'Twas silence all within the kirk;
The aisle was empty, chill and mirk.

The chancel rails were black and bare;
Nae priest, nae penitent was there.

Karin knelt, and her prayer she said;
But her heart within her was heavy and dead.

Her prayer fell back on the cold gray stone;
It would not rise to heaven alone.

Darker grew the darksome aisle,
Colder felt her heart the while.

"Wae's me!" she cried, "what is my sin?"
Never I wronged kith nor kin.

"But why do I start and quake with fear,
Lest I a dreadful doom should hear?

"And what is this light that seems to fall
On the sixth command upon the wall?

"And who are these I see arise
And look on me wi' stony eyes?

"A shadowy troop they flock sae fast,
The kirk-yard may not hold the last.

"Young and old of ilk degree,
Bairns, and bairnies' bairns, I see.

"All I look on either way,
'Mother, mother!' seem to say.

"'We are souls that might have been,
But for your *vanity* and *sin.*

"'We, in numbers multiplied,
Might have lived, and loved, and died;

"'Might have served the Lord in this;
Might have met thy soul in bliss.

"'Mourn for us, then, while you pray,
Who might have been, but never may!'"

Then the voices died away—
"Might have been, but never may!"

Karin she left the kirk no more;
Never she passed the postern-door.

They found her dead at the vesper toll;
May Heaven in mercy rest her soul!

J. G. Whittier.

BABYHOOD.

BABYHOOD.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?

MRS. NORTON.

A babe is a Mother's anchor.

H. W. BEECHER.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

EVERY woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it.

Punch.

THE clue of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle-foot.

My Early Days.

WHERE children are, there is the Golden age.

Novalis.

I LOVE God, and every little child.

Jean Paul.

HOW infinite the wealth of love and hope,
Garnered in these same tiny treasure-houses!

HE that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to Fortune.

Lord Bacon.

THERE is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

T. Hood.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

THERE are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant before her lies.
Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows;
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Henry Ware.

THE heart that we have lain near before our birth is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us.

THE BABY.

ANOTHER little wave upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet to walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands to work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes, another little will.

Another heart to love, receiving love again;
And so the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, O, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more may rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to me thy hand hath given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O, my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

Emily Judson.

HE is sleeping—brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek,
Like caressing clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears—oh, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.

HURRAH! Light upon the world again! It's a glorious world! magnificent! quite too beautiful to leave; and, besides, I would rather stay, if only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then, my boy—but haven't I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy. A BOY! ha, ha! I shout it out to you—A BOY: fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And, I say, sir, it's *mine!* Hurrah, and hallelujah forever! O, sir, such legs,

such arms, and such a head! and O, good heavens! *he has his mother's lips!* I can kiss them forever! and then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his everything in fact, so, "*so perfectly* O. K!" Give me joy, sir; no you needn't, either! I am full now; I run over; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary shop in the corner; and then, didn't I ring the tea-bell? Didn't I blow the horn? Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry, altogether? The women they had to tie me up. I don't believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air; such a burst! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air-bath was so sudden, you know.

Think of all this beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear, and that curious contrivance, the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered on the great world, so glorious to his unworn perceptions. His network of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams, dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint or pause; making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen. Did I ever talk brown to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the Devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two; I am duplicate; I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, sir, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music, (hear him cry!) mineralogy, chemistry, me-

chanics, (see him kick!) geography, and the use of the globes, (see him nurse!) and with all, he is a perpetual motion, a time-piece that will never run down.

And who wound it up? But words are but a mouthing and a mockery. * * * *

When a man is nearly crushed under obligations, it is presumed he is unable to speak; but he may bend over very carefully, for fear of falling, nod in a small way, and say nothing; and then if he have sufficient presence of mind to lay a hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a motion of the lips, muttered poetry, showing the wish and the inability, it will be (well done) very gracefully expressive. With my boy in his first integuments, I assume that position, make the small nod aforesaid, and leave you the poetry unmuttered.

THE INVALID WIFE.

"EVERY wife needs a good stock of love to begin with." Don't she? You are upon a sick bed; a little feeble thing lies on your arm, that you might crush with your hand. You take those little velvet fingers in yours, close your eyes, and turn your head languidly to the pillow. Little brothers and sisters, Henry and Willie, and Agnes and Bessie, and Mary and Kitty—half a score—come tip-toeing into the room to "see the new baby." It is quite an old story to "nurse," who sits like an automaton, while they give vent to their enthusiastic admiration of its wee toes and fingers, and make profound inquiries, which nobody thinks best to hear. You look on with a languid smile, and they pass out, asking, "why they can't stay with dear mamma, and why they mustn't play 'puss in the corner' as usual?" You wonder if your little croupy boy tied his tippet on when he went to school, and

whether Betty will see that your husband's flannel is aired, and if Peggy has cleaned the silver, and washed off the front door steps, and what your blessed husband is about, that he don't come home to dinner. There sits old nurse, keeping up that dreadful treadmill trotting "to quiet the baby," till you could fly through the key-hole in desperation. The odor of dinner begins to creep up-stairs. You wonder if your husband's pudding will be made right, and if Betty will remember to put wine in the sauce, as he likes it: and then the perspiration starts out on your forehead as you hear a thumping on the stairs, and a child's suppressed scream; and nurse snatches the baby up in flannel to the tip of its nose, dumps it down in the easy-chair, and tells you to leave the family to her and go to sleep. By and by she comes in—after staying down long enough to get a refreshing cup of coffee—and walks up to the bed with a bowl of gruel, tasting it, and then putting the spoon back into the bowl. In the first place, you hate gruel; in the next, you couldn't eat it if she held a pistol to your head, after that spoon had been in her mouth; so you meekly suggest that it be set on the table to cool—hoping by some providential interposition it may get tipped over. Well, she moves round your room with a pair of creaking shoes, and a bran-new gingham gown that rattles like a paper window-curtain at every step; and smooths her hair with your nice little head-brush, and opens a drawer by mistake (?), "thinking it was the baby's drawer." Then you hear little nails scratching on the door; and Charlie whispers through the key-hole, "Mamma, Charlie's tired, please let Charlie come in." Nurse scowls and says no; but you intercede—poor Charlie, he's only a baby himself. Well, he leans his head against the pillow, and looks suspiciously at that little, moving bundle of flannel in nurse's lap. It's clear he's had a hard time of it, what with tears and molasses! The little shining curls, that you have so often rolled over your finger are a tangled mass;

and you long to take him and make him comfortable, and cosset him a little; and then, baby cries again, and you turn your head to the pillow with a smothered sigh. Nurse hears it, and Charlie is taken struggling from the room. You take your watch from under your pillow, to see if husband won't be home soon, and then look at nurse, who takes a pinch of snuff over your gruel, and sits down, nodding drowsily, with the baby in an alarming proximity to the fire. Now you hear a dear step on the stairs. It's your Charlie! How bright he looks! and what nice fresh air he brings with him from out of doors! He parts the bed-curtains, looks in, and pats you on the cheek. You just want to lay your head on his shoulder and have such a splendid cry! but there sits that old Gorgon of a nurse—she don't believe in husbands, she don't! You make Charlie a Free Mason sign to send her down-stairs for something. He says, right out loud—men are so stupid!—"What did you say, dear?" Of course you protest you didn't say a word—never tho't of such a thing! and cuddle your head down to your ruffled pillows, and cry because you are weak and weary, and full of care for your family, and don't want to see anybody but "Charlie." Nurse says "she shall have you sick," and tells your husband "he'd better go down, and let you go to sleep." Off he goes, wondering what on earth ails you to cry! wishes he had nothing to do but lie still, and be waited upon! After dinner he comes in to bid you good-bye before he goes to his office; whistles "Nelly Bly" loud enough to wake up the baby, whom he calls a "comical little concern," and then puts his dear, thoughtless head down to your pillow, at a signal from you, to hear what you have to say. Well, there's no help for it, you cry again, and only say, "Dear Charlie;" and he laughs and settles his dickey, and says you are a "nervous little puss," gives you a kiss, lights his cigar at the fire, half strangles the new baby with the first whiff, and takes your heart off with him down the street.

And you lie there and eat that gruel! and pick the fuzz all off the blanket, and make faces at the nurse, under the sheet, and wish Eve had never ate that apple—Genesis iii. 16; or that you were "Abel to Cain" for doing it!

Fanny Fern.

BABY.

ON tip-toe I entered the bed-room of baby;
And trembling I parted the gossamer curtains
Where baby lay, fair as a fresh morning glory.

Like petals of purest and pinkest petunias,
Four delicate fingers crept out of their nestling,
Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's edge,
And draping the fingers, a fringe of crochet-work,
As flossy and light as a net-web of snow lace,
Lay, kissing them daintily—ever so daintily!
Nails soft and *so* tiny, and tinted like pink-buds,
Looked up to me temptingly—"ever so cunning;"
And asked me to kiss them, and oh! how I longed to,
But dare not, for baby was smiling so sweetly
I knew he beheld then an angel-face near him.

Loose ringed, on his temples of pure alabaster,
Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture,
As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-tint;
Such curls as the gods gave to Cupid and Psyche!
Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils,
Came up to my lips, and went down to my heart-strings.

Those eyelids so filmy, translucent as amber,
Were colored and toned by the blue eyes beneath them,
To softest of purple. O, marvellous eyelids!

Ah! what is this clinging so close to my heart-string,
'Tis fear—*that* I know by the thrill in my bosom?
'Tis born of these ringlets and fingers and eyelids:
Born of this beauty too precious for mortals;
It tells me I look on the face of an angel
That lies there deceiving my soul by concealing
Its pinions beneath the blue waves of the velvet.

I'll wake him! the darling! with kisses I'll wake him.
There! there! I have reddened the white brow of baby,
Between those two limnings of delicate lace work—
The rarest of eyebrows; his laugh reassures me!
I'll crush him down hard, wings and all, on my bosom!

Knickerbocker.

A VERSE FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER TO PARODY.

THERE'S not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him!

T. Moore.

A NURSERY SONG.

I HAD a little baby once,
I called him "Wakeful Willie;"
He would nôt go to sleep one night,
He was so very silly.

I went and asked the moolly cow,
If in her arms she'd lock him,
And if she could but spare the time,
Would just sit down and rock him?

She said she had no rocking-chair,
  Else would she be quite willing;
But she'd give him supper of new milk,
  And never ask a shilling.

I asked the horse to leave his oats,
  The old horse in the stable,
And come and rock my boy to sleep,
  And sing if he were able.

But he had been a journey long,
  He said, and felt quite weary;
Else would he find his prettiest song,
  And sing it to my deary.

I asked the cat, upon the mat,
  To rock my babe to slumber;
Says Puss, "I never rocked a babe,
  Though I've had quite a number.

"Besides, the rat is in his hole,
  And I have got to watch him,
And there's a mouse, about the house,
  And I have got to catch him!"

The croaking frog, down in the bog,
  Among the reeds was sprawling,
"Come up," said I, "and hush my boy,
  For music is thy calling."

He shook his head, and sadly said,
  "Though music my delight is,
Yet once I wet my feet, and since,
  I'm troubled with bronchitis."

I went and asked the speckled hen,
Beneath her wings to fold him,
To sing him all the songs she knew,
And if he stirred, to scold him!

She said, "Her babies slept so well,
She never sang a quaver,
Nor could she even sing a song,
If from the cook 't would save her.

The white owl in the cypress tree,
Looked gentle as a lily,
I asked her to come in, and sing
A song to "Wakeful Willie."

She stared at me with two great eyes,
And said, "She could not now sing,
For wise folks were but just awake,
And 't was her time for mousing."

I knew the song-birds were asleep,
And sleep they would till morning;
For Robin nodded as he sang,
And Whippoorwill was yawning.

I looked about in hope to see,
The nightingale and mavis,
When up stairs hopped a pretty bird,
'Twas Willie's sister Avis.

And Avis sang till Willie slept,
As well as she was able,
While mother went to pour out tea
For Father at the table.

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!
But he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphynx!

Warped by colic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go!
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what the baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way,
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony!

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
And what does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his joy, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand, and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell?
Though she murmur the words of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur so well!
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadows creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Out in his little finger tips,
Softly sinking down he goes,
Down he goes, down he goes.
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King.
Round where the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King.

Oh, the day when thou goest a wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
Sittest love glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

Up from thy sweet mouth, up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May ride like a giant, and make men bow,
As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers—
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years;
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King.

A wreath not of gold, but palm—one day,
Philip, my King!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel, and cold and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sit'st at the feet of God, victorious,
Philip, my King!

Miss Muloch.

HE sings to the wide world, and *she* to her nest;
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

J. R. Lowell.

OUR BABY.

DID you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her,
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering;
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well I do,
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,

Is as cheering and endearing,
As my rose.
Heavenly Father, spare them to us,
Till life's close.

Mrs. Gage.

NOT AN EVERY-DAY BABY.

YOU know how apt babies are to be *remarkable;* but, sir, perhaps you never saw a baby like this; I presume to say, you never did. That it is fair and round-faced; that it never cries; that it is always "jolly," so to speak. These things are something, but what I have to add, is the penetrating sagacity with which it selects out *one* particular person, and wherever that person may go—up, down, or sideways, there follow the baby's eyes with the pertinacity of a magnet! And who do you suppose is that individual? The father? the mother? or grandfather? No, sir! I am that individual! You will ask, perhaps, if I am all the time dandling it. Never had the baby in my arms but once in my life, and then—but, as I was saying, there is no doubt it will be an extraordinary child.

Mansfield.

CHILDREN.

THE smallest are near to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun. Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun, a world where I would have nothing but lovely little children, and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally

If a seraph were worthy of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for awhile in my happy infant world, and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own.

Jean Paul.

LETTER TO A NEW BORN CHILD.

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends, to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the meantime, may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, who may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophic disposition; the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you; its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months, to observe the Bishop of Bristol's* first rule of conversation, Silence, though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects around you. As you advance further in life this philosophic temper will, by degrees, wear off; the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the

* Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to show great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, that is not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affection, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex. Oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, (with a pious care to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible,) that you have a fine little brother "come to put your nose out of joint?" There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good; and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (though it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised. The men unenvied shine in public; but it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and, if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but, as I dare say, you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the meantime, I will only assure you that all here rejoice in your existence extremely; and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, &c.

Catherine Talbot.

THE RETURN.

ONE climbs into his arms, another
Clings smiling round his knee;
A third is lifted by its mother
Its father's face to see;
The cradled innocent, his youngest treasure,
Holds out his dimpled arms, and crows for pleasure.

"IF he isn't fast asleep. Lord! Lord!" cried Jem, gazing at the child, "who, to look upon a sleeping baby, and to know what things are every day done in the world, would ever think that all men were *sleeping babes* once! Put it to bed, Sue!"

St. Giles and St. James.

THE CHILD-POET.

YOU have watched a child playing, in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and the ears, and the vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard! Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his invention, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit, in barely ten minutes, all climes, and find North-western passages hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young poet fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony, and cry, "Jack, let's play that I am a Genius!" Jacky straightway makes Aladdin's lamp out of a stone, and for hours they enjoy each his own supernatural powers.

James Russel Lowell.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

YOU need not surround your children with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations.

Jean Paul.

DO you think that a child who will spend an hour delightedly in galloping round the garden on his horse, which horse is a stick, regards that stick as a mere bit of wood? No; that stick is to him instinct, with imaginings of a pony's pattering feet, and shaggy mane, and erect little ears.

Boyd.

AND children are more busy at their play
Than those that wiseliest pass their time away.

Samuel Butler.

TRULY, there is nothing in the world so blessed or so sweet as the heritage of bairns.

Mrs. Oliphant.

A PICTURE.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits with careless grace,
Glowing in the fire, with his wee, round face,
For all so sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking of nothing; like many mighty men.

James Ballantyne.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

[A Fragment.]

I am
"A married lady of thirty odd."
Every evening I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads;
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter, patter, of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and butter.
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
And thirteen little hands with doing something wrong.
Till I fain am to do
With an energy too,
As did the old woman who lived in a shoe.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies, all in a breeze.
Johnny a crying,
And Lucy a sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a flying,
Strong and angry Stephen
Beating little Nelly;
Willie in the pantry
Eating currant jelly;
Charlie strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass, with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
Mitigates their aching with a forty pounder roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.

Alas! my lord and master, being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
I'll give you my name,
Lest you think me a myth;
Yours, very respectfully,

Mrs. John Smith.

THE MOTHER'S COMPLAINT.

WEARIED is the mother
That has a restless wean,
A wee, stumpy bairnie,
Heard whene'er he's seen;
That has a battle, aye, with sleep
Before he'll close an e'e;
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives strength anew to me.

William Miller.

THE CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

BETSEY'S got another baby!
Charming precious little type!
Grandma says—and she knows, surely—
That you never saw its like.
Isn't it a beaming beauty,
Lying there so sweet and snug?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal;
Darling's nose is not a pug!

Some one says 'tis Pa all over,
Whereat Pa turns rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking-glass has fled;
But recovers his composure,
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits that of all babies
This indeed's the crowning glory!

Aunt Lucretia says she guesses—
Says, indeed, she knows it, pos,
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was;
Proving thus the modern thesis
Held by reverend doctors sage,
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a "progressive" age.

Uncle Henry looks and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries his praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and singing,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er the cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, O, why such awkward blunders?
Better far have stayed away,
Nor have thrust yourself where woman
Holds an undisputed sway;
Do you think that now they'll name it,
As they mean to, after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You're deluded if you do!

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each nascent feature,
Chin and mouth and eyes and brow;
And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow-bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.
Seize your pen, O, dreaming poet!
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
Betsey's got another baby!

Knickerbocker.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE BABY.

IT was a *peculiarity* of *this* baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again, is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of its mother, to make a handsome dental pro-

vision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist, (which was immediately under its chin,) a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella-tops, the heads of walking-sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs on the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for the baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week, is not to be calculated. Still its mother always said, "*It was coming through, and then the child would be herself*," and still it never did come through, and the child continued to be somebody else.

Charles Dickens.

O BANISH the tears of children! continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

Jean Paul.

TWO YEARS OLD.

PLAYING on the carpet near me,
Is a little cherub girl;
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl;
For a book is near me lying,
Full of grave philosophizing,
And I own I'm vainly trying,
There my thoughts to hold;
But, in spite of my essaying,
They will evermore be straying
To that cherub near me playing,
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxen,
She is charming to the view.
Then her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirit.
Oh, to be forever near it,
Is a joy untold;
For 'tis ever sweetly telling
To my heart, with rapture swelling,
Of affection inly dwelling—
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm hearing
All her sweet attempts at words
In their melody endearing,
Sweeter far than any bird's;
And the musical mistaking
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart a charm is waking
Firmer in its hold
Than the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lip o'erflowing;
Then she gives a look so knowing,
Only two years old.

Now her ripe and honeyed kisses,
(Honeyed, ripe, for me alone,)
Thrill my soul with varied blisses
Venus never yet hath known.
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me,
Never to grow old.

O, there's not, this side of Aiden,
Aught with loveliness so laden,
As my little cherub maiden
Only two years old.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,

Aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door, the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint!)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

Thomas Hood.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

A Nursery Song.

Pien d'amor,
Pien di canto, e pien di fiori.

Frugoni.

AH, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And army as sunny shining
As if their veins they'd wine in,
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heaven seems to have made it newly;
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipped completeness;
Ah, Jack, ah, Giovanni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio!

Sir Richard, too, your rattler,
So christened from the Tatler,
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little cor di fiori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolics as
That fibbing rogue, Antolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother, Oberon;
Ah, Dick, ah, che dolce riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it;
A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with, "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not as happens;
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies

With, "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately fearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When, lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah, rogue! and do you know, John,
Why, 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you teaze 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn, too,
You'd be as kind to them, too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us heaps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,

And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes;
And see what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you—
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

Leigh Hunt.

THE RIDE IN A WHEEL-BARROW.

WHO does not remember the keen relish of the rapid run in the wheel-barrow of early youth, bumping and rolling about, and finally turning a corner at full speed and upsetting? Who does not remember the delight of the little springless carriage that threatened to dislocate and grind down the bones? Luxury destroys real enjoyment. There is more real enjoyment in riding in a wheel-barrow than in driving in a carriage-and-four.

Boyd.

AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST.

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her breast.

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it *smiled;*
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Richard Edwards—1523.

THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

THERE is a very general notion, that if you once suffer woman to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet! * * * * * * Can anything be more absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation?

Sydney Smith.

FATHER IS COMING!

NAY, do not close the shutters, child;
For, far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light in the dark.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child;
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait;
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

Mary Howitt.

ONE'S hearth is a fair assize.

Old Proverb.

A MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

UP to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of thy ways, oh Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me—
Let thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For his word's sake—unforgot,
"Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not."

THRENODIA.

HOW peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore;
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm.

Full short his journey was; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short; and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God,
O blest word—evermore!

J. R. Lowell.

CASA WAPPY.

[Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.]

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!

I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;

There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream forever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for awhile, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart;
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

D. M. Moir.

OH each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears;
And we are walking all our hours
With "Angels unawares."

R. Edmonstone.

VESPERS.

A ROW of little faces in the bed
A row of little hands upon the spread;
A row of little roguish eyes all closed;
A row of little naked feet exposed;
A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene,
Instead of odor in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue,
All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And Heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

ONE night my little girl was wearied with a long walk. As I bade her good-night, I reminded her of one thing to be remembered before she slept. "Mamma!" said she, "I am *so* tired to-night! wouldn't it do if I said, 'Thank you, God!'" Still more interesting were those words of the little boy, who, though nearly overcome with weariness, began his usual prayer, but closing his eyes, and nestling his beautiful head on the pillow, murmured half audibly, "He knows the rest."

CHILD-SLEEP.

BUT a child that bids the world good-night
In sober earnest, and cuts it quite,
Is a cherub no art can copy;
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie,
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,
With a sauce of the syrup of poppy.

T. Hood.

EMBLEMATICAL.

THE morn is up again; the dewy morn,
With lips all incense, and with cheek all bloom;
Laughing the clouds away as if in scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb.

Byron.

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

I remember well, sitting on the door-step of my father's house, a pinch of salt in my hand, watching with patient faith the blue and white pigeons coming so near, that ever and anon I could *almost* touch them!

GENTLY, gently yet, young stranger,
Light of heart and light of heel!
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.
Silence!—ah! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure, the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest-dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing.
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing;
Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail.
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.

Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on that long feather—
Ha! it flies! it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!—
Led, like you, my hopes to centre
On a grain of salt!

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes on high!

Laman Blanchard.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

SOME have thought that in the dawning,
In our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children
Than their parents ever know;
And that, if you listen sharply,
Better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom
Trickles through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer,
But I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover,
And the bees was running wild.
And he came one summer evening,
With his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces
Chasing bees and butterflies.

'Now I'll go to bed, dear mother,
For I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his, "Now I lay me,"
In a kind of careless way.
And he drank the cooling water,
From his little silver cup,
And said, gayly, "*When it's morning*,
Will the Angels take me up?"

Down he sank with roguish laughter
In his little trundle bed,
And the kindly god of slumber
Showered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?"
Asked his musing mother then—
"Oh 'twas nothing but his prattle;
What can he of Angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid,
And his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly,
And his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen
If his breathing could be heard:
"Oh," she murmured, "if the Angels
Took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle
Hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracing
Rest the mother and the child;
Up she starteth from her dreaming,
For a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie,
Lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon
Her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches,
Travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward
On some face beyond the room;
And the blackness of the spoiler,
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his, "Now I lay me,"
Shall be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover
Will he chase the humble-bee.
Through the night she watched her darling,
Now despairing, now in hope;
And about the break of morning
Did the Angels take him up.

E. H. Sears.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger, they say.

"And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well,
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan—
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children--
Permit them to come unto me."
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Julia Gill.

YOUTH fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all!

O. W. Holmes.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West—
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

SOWING IN TEARS.

STRAIGHT and still the baby lies,
No more smiling in his eyes,
Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done;
He has need of neither one—
Only, I must weep alone.

Tiny fingers, all too slight,
Hold within their grasping tight,
Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain,
I have held them close—in vain;
Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast,
By no suffering distressed,
Here they lie in marble rest;

They shall ne'er unfolded be,
Never more in agony
Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! Oh, the hopeless sound
To my heart so closely wound
All his little being round!

I forget the shining crown,
Glad exchange for cross laid down,
Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know
I am very full of woe—
And I want my baby so!

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove
So unworthy of the love
Which thine idol doth remove!

Blinded eyes, that cannot see
Past the present misery,
Joy and comfort full and free!

O! my Father, loving Lord!
I am ashamed at my own word;
Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to thy will;
Now thy purposes fulfil;
Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache,
I believe that, for thy sake,
It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own,
For my seeds of sorrow sown,
Sheaves of joy around thy throne!

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IN small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the heather fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the rich man's house so wide,
By the poor man's snug fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers which spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,

In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonders, so intense,
And their small experience.

Little children not alone
On the spacious earth are known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;

Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of our God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children there abide!

Mary Howitt.

WHAT THE CHRIST-SPIRIT SAID TO CHILDREN.

LITTLE children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,
Never mar another's rest,
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

THE HALLOWED DRAWER.

MRS. BIRD slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy, horse and wagon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear, and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer. And oh, mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave?

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

A PICTURE.

OH what a loveliness her eyes
Gather in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the post she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
Oh Mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset lying.

Thomas Burbidge.

We can have many wives, but only one mother.

Turkish Saying.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are,
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes,
Open with joy and not surprise.

W. S. Landor.

WHO should it be? Where shouldst thou look for kindness?
When we are sick, where can we turn for succour?
When we are wretched where can we complain?
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother's?

Joanna Baillie.

"A KISS from my mother made me a painter."

Benjamin West.

"IF the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam."

Lord Langdale.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain;
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee—
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see,
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips awhile they glow
With love that they have often told—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold,
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away,
O! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her,
Pray for her at eve and morn!

Thomas Hood.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

JEWS were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have deified;

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
"Mary stood the cross beside."

And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

W. J. Fox.

MY SERMON.

I HAVE been sitting here for an hour, noting down some thoughts for the sermon which I hope to write during this week, and to preach next Sunday. I have not been able to think very connectedly, indeed; for two little feet have been pattering round me, two little hands pulling at me occasionally,

and a little voice entreating that I should come and have a race upon the green. Of course I went; for like most men who are not very great or very bad, I have learned, for the sake of the little owner of the hands and the voice, to love every little child. My sermon will be the better for these interruptions. I do not mean to say it will be absolutely good, though it will be as good as I can make it; but it will be better for these races with my little girl.

Boyd.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

ANOTHER little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies!

II.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toys our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook,
Where the flowers love to grow;
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago!

III.

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them;
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply,
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high!

Knickerbocker.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment, a laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press, and bring the child to me;
Two little arms are round my neck, two feet upon my knee;
How fall the kisses on my cheek! how sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear, no laughing child I see;
No little arms are round my neck, nor feet upon my knee!
No kisses drop upon my cheek; those lips are sealed to me.
Dear Lord! how could I give him up to any but to thee!

Monthly Religious Magazine.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

I'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.
The joys, the dear delights they bring,
I'm sure I'd not agree
To change for every worldly good
That could be given to me.

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring,
  Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy with all my heart,
  They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
  The heaven of those smiles,
To bear the proudest name—to be
  The Queen of Britain's isles.

My sons are like their father dear,
  And all the neighbors tell
That my young blue-eyed daughter's just
  The picture of mysel'.
Oh, blessings on my darlings all!
  They're dear as summer's shine,
My heart runs o'er with happiness
  To think that they are mine.

At evening, morning, every hour
  I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies bless,
  My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
  I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
  Their love a crown to me.

William Ferguson.

THE CHILDREN.

AH! what would the world be to us
  If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
  Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE fate of the child is always the work of his mother.

Napoleon.

ANTIPODES.

EVA stood looking at Topsy. There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!

H. B. Stowe.

THE DEAD BOY.

HE crossed the sill; she pointed to the bed;
There lay her boy, his innocent curly head,
Nestled upon the pillow, and his face
Lit with the solemn and unearthly grace
That crowns but once the children of our race;
God gives it when he takes them—he was dead!
A broken toy, a bunch of withered flowers,
In his thin hands were clasped, his breast above,
The last frail ties that to this world of ours
Had linked the sufferer—save a mother's love.

William Allen Butler.

THE PRATTLE OF CHILDREN.

NO man knows, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocences, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.

Jeremy Taylor—Sermon xviii.

* * * * *

WHERE like we to see presumption shown?
In children: for the world's their own!

OH, blessed indeed are little children! Mortals do not understand half they owe them; for the good they do us is a spiritual gift, and few perceive how it intertwines the mystery of life. They form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls; and without them, such communications would be utterly lost.

L. M. Child.

IN this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies
The angels with us unawares!

Gerald Massey.

ILLUSIONS.

WHEN the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I own I enter into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, fearing that any moment they will find out the imposture of that showy chaff. But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick. Their young life is thatched with them. Bare and grim to tears is the lot of the children in the hovel I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hang it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune.

Emerson.

A TORN jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

Longfellow

THE CONTRAST.

IN the parlor, singing, playing,
Round me like a sunbeam straying,
All her life with joy o'erladen,
Is a radiant little maiden.
Constant love, her cares beguiling,
Shields her from sin's dread defiling;
Sheltered safe from worldly rudeness,
Grows she in her native goodness.
Every morn brings fond caressing,
Every night brings earnest blessing;
So her heart gets sweeter, purer,
And her steps in virtue surer.

In the street, where storms are sighing,
Is a child deserted, crying;
Poor lost lamb! with plaintive bleating
All my sympathy entreating.
No home's holy loves enfold her,
No protecting arms uphold her;
And the voices that should guide her
Utter only tones that chide her.
O'er her spirit's waste and blindness
Falls no ray of saving kindness;
Wandering thus in earth's dark places,
Sin her tender soul embraces.

Then I know that radiant maiden
All whose life with love is laden,
Only *love* saves from the danger
And the fate of this lost stranger!

Plummer.

THE MOTHER, EVEN IN DEATH.

THE end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque, was about to flee. The body and soul, companions for sixty years, were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter; and yet she was not alone, for we all know whose rod and staff were comforting her. One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bed-gown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast, to the right side. We could see her eyes, bright with surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted, dying look, keen and yet vague; her immense love: and then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Preserve me!" groaned her husband, giving way. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinking it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom forty years and mair." It was plainly true; the pain in the breast telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie on her bosom. This was the close—she sank rapidly; the delirium left her. After having for some time

lain still, her eyes shut, she said, "James." He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, then to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, composed herself, and passed gently away.

John Brown.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere!

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, oh! blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart!

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

H. W. Longfellow.

TAKE heed ye offend not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father.

Christ.

MOTHER'S TRUST.

"YOU don't believe I did what they accuse me of, mother dear?" cried Kit in a choking voice. "I believe it!" exclaimed the poor woman. "I, that never knew you tell a lie, or do a bad action from your cradle; that have never had a moment's sorrow on your account. I believe it of the son that's been a comfort to me from the hour of his birth to this time, and that I never laid down one night in anger with! I believe it of you, Kit!" "Why then, thank God!" said Kit, clutching the bars with an earnestness that shook them, "and I can bear it, mother. Come what may, I shall always have one drop of happiness in my heart when I think that you said that." At this, the poor woman fell a crying again. As to the baby, it was crowing and laughing with all its might, under the idea, apparently, that the whole scene had been invented and got up for its particular satisfaction!

Charles Dickens.

MOTHER'S TENDERNESS.

O! THERE is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, which transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her for misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Washington Irving.

"I LIVE FOR THEE."

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."
Then they praised him soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend, and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.
Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee,
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

Alfred Tennyson.

THE SEA.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale
Through the night!

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight,
On the surf-flooded deck
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave
Through the night!

R. H. Stoddard.

"EFFENDI," said the poor old creature, her voice trembling, and the tears streaming from her eyes, "My children are all dead! There is no one now between me and Allah!"

Pencillings by the Way.

SHE is the *barren* woman whose son is not remembered in the assemblies of the good and just.

Hindoo Saying.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

O LITTLE presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house,
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again—
Will never come again!

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold—and yet we know
It is *not* Charlie there!
It is not Charlie, cold and white,
It is the robe, that in his flight,
He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!

T. B. Aldrich.

A CHILD is a man in a small letter; the older he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first Father, much worse in his breeches.

John Earle, 1601—1665. Tutor to Prince Charles.

KITTIE IS GONE.

KITTIE is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came, and took her away. She was a lovely child, gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with us any longer. * * * * If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others were heard, I knew Kittie was near. If my study door opened so gently and slily that no sound could be heard, I knew Kittie was coming. If after an hour's quiet play, a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, "so as not to disturb papa," I knew Kittie was going. When, in the midst of my composing, I heard a gentle voice saying, "Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be *very* still;" I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You staid with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly, and you are too *still* now.

You became my little assistant, my home angel, my youngest and sweetest singing bird, and I miss the little voice that I have heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed on my forehead to "drive away the pain." I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs. * * * * I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere, but I will try not to miss you in heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near! But he did truly come, and the sweet flower was translated to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come." Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be Home.

William B. Bradbury.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"HO! sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea;
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton.'"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor;
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

Sydney Dobell.

THE boy carried in his face the "open sesame" to every door and heart.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only is republican;
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye;
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,

And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks.
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude;
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Loose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

J. G. Whittier.

HARRY'S LETTER.

Dear Bill:

HERE I am in Lincolnshire. Now I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Nick, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Frank is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of new rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold

of. Isn't it prime, Bill? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruits to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bill, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything to make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we've mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird-lime, Bill, and some fish-hooks, and some different sorts of shot, and some gunpowder, and a gentle-box, and some flints, some May-flies, and a powder-horn, and a landing-net, and a dog-whistle, and some porcupine-quills, and a bullet-mould, and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt, and a tin-can. You pay for 'em, Bill, and I'll owe it you.

Your old friend and school-fellow,
HARRY.

Thomas Hood.

A QUESTION.

WHEN yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?

John Gay.

THE BOY'S APPEAL.

OH, why must my face be washed so clean,
And rubbed and scrubbed for Sunday?
When you very well know, as you often have seen,
'Twill be dirty again on Monday.

You rub as hard as ever you can,
And your hands are rough, to my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man;
And I wish I was one to-morrow!

THE FATHER'S ADVICE

To his Son going to Seek his Fortune.

NOW, my boy, remember three things: "Fear God; be kind to your horse; and keep your bowels open."

Hildreth.

AGAINST BOYS.

CERTAIN feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men who do not look back upon their school-days with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an uncontrollable desire to snatch off his cap, and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentlemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow

full of strange delicacies, such as Albert rock or Alicam-pane, and if I were, the fruit of all others I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoa-nut. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being—a boy. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would society become reconstructed by boys!

Chambers' Journal.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST.

WHICH is the happiest; a king, a lover repairing to his first interview, a successful author, an actor who has heard his rival hissed, an old coquette who has just received a compliment, a servant who is alone in a house, or *a school-boy commencing his holidays?*

Paul de Kock.

Extract from a Letter to Philip Sydney, at ten years of age, from his Father.

BE curteese of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing which wynneth so much with so lytell cost. Use moderate dyet, so as after yowr meate, you may find yowr wytte fresher, and not duller, and yowr bodie more lyvely, and not more heavye. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of yowr bodie, as in yowr garments. Give yowrselfe to be merrye, but let yowr myrthe be ever void of all scurrility, and biting woordes to any man, for an wounde given by a woorde is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given by the sword. Above all things, tell no untruthe, no, not in

trifels. Be virtuously occupied, so shall you make such an habits of well doing, that you shall not know how to do evell. Well, my lytell Phillipe, this is ynough for me, and too muche, I fear, for you.

H. Sydney.

WE should gain our object better in the discipline of children, if, instead of finding fault with an action, we set ourselves to produce a better state of feeling, without noticing the action.

Mary P. Ware.

THE BOY AT FIFTEEN.

ONE of the most common signs of this period, in some natures, is the love of contradiction and opposition—a blind desire to go contrary to everything that is commonly received among older people. The boy disparages the minister, quizzes the deacon, thinks the school-master an ass, and seems to be rather pleased, than otherwise, with the shock and flutter that all these announcements create among peaceably disposed grown people. Is he a boy; an immortal soul? a reasonable human being? or a goblin sent to torment? "What shall we do with him?" says his mother. "He can't be governed like a child, and he won't govern himself like a man." "We must cast out anchor and wait for day," says his father. "Prayer is a long rope with a strong hold."

H. B. Stowe.

FOR what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.

Juvenal.

THERE is good metal in the boy; the best ore cannot look like gold till it is fused. It is so difficult for us women, who have to watch from our quiet homes afar, to distinguish the glow of the smelting furnace from the glare of a conflagration.

Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family.

What the Father said to the School-boy.

"AND now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to, or say anything you would not have your mother or sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

Tom Brown at Rugby.

What the Father said to his Daughter.

NEVER for one moment forget that you are a gentlewoman; let all your words and actions mark you gentle.

Lord Collingwood.

What the Poet said to the Young Maiden.

BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley

What the Poet might say to the Young Maiden's Mother.

'TIS all in vain to hurry so,
They're roses and they'll surely blow.

Goethe.

THE boy whose love you cannot feed by daily nourishment, will find pride, self-indulgence, and an iron purpose coming in to furnish other supply for the soul that is in him. If he cannot shoot his branches into the sunshine, he will become acclimated to the shadow.

D. G. Mitchell.

THAT domestic discipline of children may not end in disappointment, three things, with God's help, are needed; firmness of purpose, gentleness of manner, and *consistency of example.*

E. S. Gannett.

IN the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

Marian Evans.

HAPPY is he whose friends were born before him.

Old Proverb.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Alfred Tennyson.

BOY LOST.

HE had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers, buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small, black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor, of tumble-down card-houses, of wooden sheep and cattle, of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks, and trumpery. I want to see boats a rigging, and kites a making, crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say, "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once.

They say, "Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper, for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pea-nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main-sails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house, teasing for a bit

of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you."

But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud-stains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I; has thick, black whiskers, and wears a frock-coat, bosomed shirt, and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says that he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trowsers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat, to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the

name on the boat! Oh! I see it all, as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days—that now is the time to really enjoy their children, I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

YOUTH.

YOUTH.

Oh beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dreamed)
Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in.
O, for one gale from thine exulting morning
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!

E. L. Bulwer.

—— But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled
Like some wild melody!

Samuel Rogers.

A lovely being scarcely formed, or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Lord Byron.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of her beauty.

Gregory.

The beauty of this beautiful woman is Heaven's stamp upon virtue. She will be equal to every chance that shall befal her, and she is so radiant and charming in the circle of prosperity, *only because she has that irresistible simplicity and fidelity of character,* which can also pluck the sting from adversity.

G. W. Curtis.

She was a form of life and light
That seen became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye
The morning star of memory!

LORD BYRON.

Youth pastures in a valley of its own:
The glare of noon, the rains and winds of heaven,
Mar not the calm yet virgin of all care;
But ever with sweet joys it buildeth up
The airy halls of life.

SOPHOCLES.

Look upon every day, O youth, as the whole of life, not merely as a section, and enjoy the present without wishing through haste, to spring on to another lying—before—the section.

RICHTER.

EMILY IS MARRIED!

IT is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. Emily is married. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea-songs seldom escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. The youthfulness of the house is flown!

Charles Lamb.

A WOMAN may one day hope to be an angel, but she can never again be a girl!

TO FANNIE IN A BALL DRESS.

THOU hast braided thy dark flowing hair,
And wreathed it with rosebuds and pearls,
But, dearer, neglected thy sweet tresses are,
Soft falling in natural curls!

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
When crowned with the flower and the gem,
But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise,
Than the incense thou prizest from them.

And gay is the playful tone,
As to flattery's voice thou respondest,
But what is the praise of the cold and unknown,
To the tender blame of the fondest?

John Everett.

IS there anything in life so lovely and poetical as the laugh and merriment of a young girl, who still in harmony with all her powers, sports with you in luxuriant freedom, and in her mirthfulness neither despises nor dislikes? Her gravity is seldom as innocent as her playfulness; still less that haughty discontent which converts the youthful Psyche into a dull, thick, buzzing, wing-drooping night-moth. Never fear that feminine playfulness will exclude depth of character and sensibility. Let then the laughter-loving creatures giggle on at one another, and especially at the first clumsy make-game wight who comes among them, even should he be the writer of this paragraph!

Jean Paul.

I was glad that day—
The June was in me;
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!

E. B. Browning.

MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth;
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. Longfellow.

LIFE IS BEFORE YE.

LIFE is before ye! from the fated road
Ye cannot turn; then take ye up the load,
Not yours to tread, or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may;

Gird up your souls within you to the deed!
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed.
What tho' the brightness wane, the pleasure fade,
The glory dim! Oh, not of those is made
The awful life that to your trust is given.
Children of God! inheritors of heaven!
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy;
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy—
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare;
A holy burden is the life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win!
God guide ye, and God guard ye on your way,
Young warrior-pilgrims who set forth to-day.

Fanny Kemble.

THE childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Paradise Regained—Book iv.

IDEALS OF WOMAN.

No. 1.

OH, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She who can love a sister's charms, and hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, *though China fall!*

Alexander Pope.

IDEALS OF WOMAN.

No. 2.

NOT only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice,
Or interest or ambition's highest prize;
That injured, or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit, that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
That nor too little, nor too much believed;
That scorned unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
—— Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen.

George Lyttleton

MY KATE.

IDEAL No. 3.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Deep to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth:
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone:
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:
My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side,
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;

If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went:
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener e'en *here* with her grave:
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wert alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smile used to do thyself my sweet-heart?
My Kate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

POET'S IDEAL.

No. 4.

SHE was a Phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn;
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human Nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an Angel light.

William Wordsworth.

FROM "COMUS." A MASK.

Scene—A Wildwood.

First Brother—

But oh, that hapless virgin, our lost Sister;
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

SECOND BROTHER—

My sister is not so defenceless left,
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

FIRST BROTHER—

What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

SECOND BROTHER—

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own;
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity—
So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

FIRST BROTHER—

Heaven keep my Sister.

John Milton.

OH! n'insultez jamais une femme qui tombe!
Qui sait sous quel fardeau la pauver âme succombe.

* * * * * *

Comme au bout d'une branche on voit étinceler
Une goutte de pluie où le ciel vient briller,
Qu'on secoue avec l'arbre, et qui tremble, et qui lutte,
Perle avant de tomber, et fange apres sa chute!

* * * * * *

Cette fange, d'ailleurs, contient l'eau pure encor,
Pour que lagoutte d'eau sorte de la poussière
Et redevienne perle en sa splendeur première,
Il suffit, c'est ainsi que tout remonte un jour,
D'un rayon de soliel ou d'un rayon d' amour!

Victor Hugo.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET.

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny;
  Rash and undutiful!
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,
  Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
  Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
  Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity

Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—

Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
  Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently, kindly,
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
  Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
  Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
  Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
  Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood.

VIRGINIA.

STRAIGHTWAY Virginius led the maid a little space aside
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle-work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!

With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.

T. B. Macaulay.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE'S gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwall in heaven;
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice of God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

O what 'l she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what 'l she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
And make them mair meet for heaven!

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
  She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in luve wi' her,
  An' took her frae us a'.

Nithsdale and Galloway Songs.

A MOSAIC FOR FRIENDS.

A MOSAIC FOR FRIENDS.

HAPPY is he whose friends were born before him.

SUSTINE et abstine.

WE exchanged our experiences, and all learned something.

Emerson.

CONCERNING FRIENDS.

BE to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind.

Matthew Pryor.

THERE are many carks in life that a little truth would end.

E. L. Bulwer.

KINDNESS gives birth to kindness.

Sophocles.

BELIEVE not each accusing tongue
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true.

HE who has a thousand friends, has not one friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy, shall meet him everywhere!

THERE is no better test of friendship than the ready turning of the mind to the little concerns of a friend when preoccupied with important concerns of our own.

SORROW is a stone that crushes a single bearer to the ground, whilst *two* are able to carry it with ease.

WHEN a man is no longer his own friend, then goes he to his brother, who is so still, that he may talk gently with him, and may again give him life.

Jean Paul.

FOUR things come not back; the *spoken word*, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Prophet Omar.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can serve or save, but all can please,
Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence;
Large bounties to bestow we strive in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

Hannah More.

FOR two *enemies*, the world is too small; for two *friends*, a needle's eye is big enough.

HOW common it is for one's friends to drop a heavy weight upon one's heart, and then desire one not to let it dwell there!

H. Martineau.

FORSE voi amereste meglio un amico più ideale: non so che dire: fabbricativelo—Quello era così.

NO PERFECTION.

WHEN a man glances critically through the circle of his intimate friends, he is obliged to confess that they are far from being perfect. They profess neither the beauty of Apollo, nor the wisdom of Solon, nor the wit of Mercutio, nor

the reticence of Napoleon III. Yet forced to make such uncomfortable confessions, our supposed man does not like his friends one whit the less. * * * Perfection is not essential to friendship. * * * If a man be an entire and perfect chrysolite, you slide off him, and fall back into ignorance.

From "Dreamthorp," by Alexander Smith.

A MOSAIC FOR YOUNG MEN.

A MOSAIC FOR YOUNG MEN.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere Be bolde—
—— Be not too bolde;
FAERY QUEENE.—Book III., Canto XI.

THE World is his who has Patience.

THE borrower is servant to the lender.

Hebrew.

FIDELITY is seven-tenths of business—success.

Parton.

THERE is no royal road to Geometry!

VIAM aut inveniam aut faciam.

Sydney's Motto.

MAKE the best of everything;
Think the best of everybody;
Hope the best for yourself.

Do as I have done—persevere.

George Stephenson.

WHEN the cup is full, carry it even.

Scotch Proverb.

A MAN'S best wealth ought to be himself.

William Austin.

A DECENT boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.

Pope's Homer.

IF he had *promised* an acorn, and the acorn season failed in England, he would have sent to Norway for one!

GOODS gone—something gone,
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
Honor gone—much gone,
Must go and gain glory,
Then the idling gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone—*all's* gone,
Better never have been born!

Goethe.

WHAT you learn by *experience* you learn pretty thoroughly; but at the same time, occasionally, much to your cost. Thus by chopping off a couple of fingers, you learn, by *experience*, not to meddle with edge tools!

Edward Everett.

IF any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself.

Epictetus.

LAZINESS is the Devil's cushion.

Old Proverb.

COUNT that day lost whose low, descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done.

ALLEZ en avant, et la foi vous viendrea.

D'Alembert.

NEVER take trouble on interest.

BE *noble;* and the nobleness that lies
In other men *sleeping*, but never *dead*,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

BEGIN nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.

HE that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.

Hebrew.

PROVIDENCE does not run on broken wheels.

A MAN'S true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him." But the angels who examine him will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Mohammed.

THE man that never breaks a rule
Is little better than a fool.

OBSTA principiis.

THE one prudence in life is *concentration*.

R. W. Emerson.

IF thou art anything, keep still,
In silence all will work out well;
For one may place him where he will,
The real man will always tell.

Goethe.

A MOSAIC FOR HOUSE-WIVES.

A MOSAIC FOR HOUSE-WIVES.

A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place.
A time for everything, and everything in time.

SPEECH is silver; silence is golden.

A WOMAN habitually gentle, sympathizing, forbearing, and cheerful, carries a soothing and sustaining influence ever with her.

C. E. Beecher.

AN anxious mind is never a holy mind.

Do the duty that lies nearest.

Goethe.

WHAT we need most is not so much to realize the Ideal as to *idealize the Real.*

F. H. Hedge.

FOR every evil under the sun
There's a remedy, or there's none;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there isn't, never mind it.

"IF my foresight were as good as my hindsight, I should not make so many mistakes."

Dutchman.

THOUGH I am always in *haste*, I am never in a *hurry*.

John Wesley.

ONE keep-clean is worth two make-cleans.

WHERE there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.

WHAT I don't see
Don't trouble me;
And what I see
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
That it must be so.

Goethe.

THE morning hour has gold in its mouth.

LOSE an hour in the morning, you may search for it all day, and never find it.

Old Saying.

ONE small candle may light a thousand.

DIRT is not dirt, but only something in the wrong place!

Lord Palmerston.

TEMPER is nine-tenths of Christianity.

ORDER was made for the family, and not the family for order.

H. B. Stowe.

No sensible person ever made an apology.

R. W. Emerson.

GRANDMOTHER'S TRIPLET.

AFTER breakfast, work and tile; (toil)
After dinner, sit awhile;
After supper, walk a mile.

THE three family physicians—Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merry-man.

Old Proverb.

A MOSAIC FOR US ALL.

A MOSAIC FOR US ALL.

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path road,
And merrily trip the stile-a;
Your *merry* heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

Old Song.

DON'T cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

H. W. Longfellow.

AND when the road forks ary side,
And you're in doubt which one it is;
Stand still, and let your conscience guide,
Thank God, it can't lead much amiss.

J. P. Hebel—German Burns.

SEEK not to know
What pleaseth Heaven to hide;
Dark is the abyss of time,

But light enough to guide our souls is given;
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Turn never from the path of truth aside,
And leave the event, in holy hope, to Heaven.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath.

Hebrew.

IN difficult cases, do nothing.

Edgeworth.

IF every one's internal thought
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity move,
Who wake our envy now!

Metastasio.

LET this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crowne enough to virtue still, her owne applause.

Ben Jonson's Ode to Himself.

VOLETE aver molti in aiuto? fate di non averne bisogno!

Manzoni.

WE see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes.

M. W. Montague.

TWO things there are, indicative of a weak mind; to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

Persian Sage.

ARE head and heart confused and sore,
What better wouldst thou have?
Who loves no more, and hopes no more,
As well were in his grave!

Goethe.

DOUCEUR plus fait que violence.

HE who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything.

Arabian Proverb.

BE still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

H. W. Longfellow.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He loveth one and all.

S. T. Coleridge.

BE of good cheer.

Christ.

SINGLE LIFE.

SINGLE LIFE.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree,
That old maid as I am, and old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I render to thee,
For to bear it, must be my endeavor,
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found,
From the legacy hunters which near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away,
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say,
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her,
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over-solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humor unchecked, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever,

From the vaporish freaks, or methodical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,
From pettish asperity tartly expressed,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleased when remembered, content, if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever.

Mrs. Tighe.

"SO that I would not say but it takes the like of me, a single gentlewoman, unacquaint with the real fash and trouble of the estate of marriage, to carry pure to the end of mortal days, the first grand thoughts of youth."

Oliphant.

I KNOW, therefore, of no reason why a woman should marry, except because she cannot help it; because, "the spirit of life which dwelleth in the secret chambers of the soul, all trembling, speaks these words: Behold a God more powerful than I."

Gail Hamilton.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this: that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and Bridget in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking! Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the *worst* comes to the WORST) incomparable old maids!

Charles Lamb.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.

REST, gentle traveler, on life's toilsome way;
Pause here awhile; yet o'er this lifeless clay
No weeping, but a joyful tribute pay.

For this green nook, by sun and showers made warm,
Gives welcome rest to an o'erwearied form,
Whose mortal life knew many a wintry storm.

Yet, ere the spirit gained a full release,
From earth, she had attained that land of peace,
Where seldom clouds obscure, where tempests cease.

No chosen spot of ground she called her own;
She reaped no harvest in her spring-time sown,
Yet always in her path some flowers were strown.

No dear ones were her own peculiar care,
So was her bounty free as heaven's air;
For every claim she had enough to spare.

And loving more the heart to give than lend,
Though oft deceived in many a trusty friend,
She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end.

She had her joys; 'twas joy to live, to love,
To labor in the world with God above,
And tender hearts that ever near did move.

She had her griefs; but why recount them here—
The heart-sick loneness, the onlooking fear,
The days of desolation, dark and drear.

Since every agony left peace behind,
And healing came on every stormy wind,
And with pure brightness every cloud was lined.

And every loss sublimed some low desire,
And every sorrow helped her to aspire,
Till waiting angels bade her go up higher!

Englishwoman's Journal.

COUSIN JANE.

WHAT do people think of her?
Old Cousin Jane,
With a sallow, sunken cheek,
Hair with many a silver streak,
Features never made for show,
Eyes that faded long ago,
Brows no longer smooth and fair,
Form bent o'er with pain and care;
Sad to be so old and plain,
Slighted Cousin Jane!

What do we all think of her?
Our Cousin Jane?
Quieting the children's noise,
Mending all the broken toys,
Doing deftly, one by one,
Duties others left undone,
Gliding round the sick one's bed
With a noiseless foot and tread;
Who like her to soothe in pain?
Useful Cousin Jane!

What do angels think of her?
Our Cousin Jane?
Bearing calmly every cross,
Finding gain, though seeking loss,
And a beauty ever bright
In the rigid line of right,
Self-forgetting, free from art,
With a loving, cheerful heart,
Living, aye, for others gain,
Saintly Cousin Jane!

Would that thinking oft of her—
Our Cousin Jane—
Might our inward vision clear,
To behold the unseen near,
And in forms of dullest hue,
Heaven's own beauty shining through!
Reached—that land of purest day,
Passed—misjudging earth away.
What radiance will she then attain!
Star-crowned Cousin Jane!

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And *waste* (?) its sweetness on the desert air

Thomas Gray.

PATIENCE and abnegation of self, and devotion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

From Evangeline—Part ii.

AND thou, when thou seest the sparrow fall, and many a goodly ship suffer wreck, do not forget that we see merely a portion of the history; that its last chapter rests in the bosom of Eternal Love! Let us meekly wait.

Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family.

From an "Extra Leaf on Daughter-full Houses."

FORSAKEN, but patient one! misknown and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honor, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine! in thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffoldings of life shall crumble in pieces, ready to fall down, in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming figure, godlike and mounting to the godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her. Mount thou with her; the figure is thy virtue.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

IF THOU COULDST KNOW.

I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed for things
We seek for now in vain,
I think thou wouldst rejoice and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee,
Are shadows hiding light;
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear, and wise and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest;
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.

SOLITUDE OF SINGLE WOMEN

IT is a condition to which a single woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary. Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as

natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessings of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

"All things are less dreadful than they seem."

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest of the inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet dreamy hour "between the lights;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the coming morning.

A finished life—a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer; surely this is worth living for. And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the Giver of all breath, as pure as He gave it."

Dinah Muloch.

I HAVE lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

Adam Clarke.

MIDDLE LIFE.

SUCH is the burden of our thought concerning the middle age: Experience without worldliness; equanimity without indifference; progress without instability.

S. Osgood.

EXPECTATION.

SHE looked from out the window
With long and asking gaze,
From the gold-clear light of morning
To the twilight's purple haze.
Cold and pale the planets shone,
Still the girl kept gazing on.
From her white and weary forehead
Droopeth the dark hair,
Heavy with the dews of evening,
Heavier with her care;
Falling as the shadows fall
Till flung round her like a pall.

When from the carvéd lattice
First she leant to look,
Her bright face was written
Like some pleasant book,
Her warm cheek the red air quaffed,
And her eyes looked out and laughed.
She is leaning back now languid,
And her cheek is white;
Only on the drooping eyelash
Glistens tearful light;

Color, sunshine hours are gone,
Yet the maiden watches on.

Human heart, this history
Is thy faded lot;
Even such thy watching
For what cometh not,
Till with anxious waiting dull,
Round thee fades the beautiful.
Still thou seekest on, though weary,
Seeking still in vain;
Daylight deepens into twilight,
What has been thy gain?
Death and night are closing round
All that thou hast sought, unfound.

L. E. Landon.

TO *die* for what we love! Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and strength and joy for *this:*
It is to *live* without the vanished light
That strength is needed!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

—— God pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away

J. G. Whittier.

THE UNLOVED.

THE great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing out of flowering instincts. Life is maintained by the respiration of oxygen and of sentiments. In the long catalogue of scientific cruelties, there is hardly anything quite so painful to think of as that experiment of putting an animal under the bell of an air-pump, and exhausting the air from it. [I never saw the accursed trick performed. Laus Deo!] There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe. Then it is that society places its transparent bell-glass over the young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element by which only the heart lives is sucked out of her crystalline prison. Watch her through its transparent walls; her bosom is heaving, but it is in a vacuum. Death is no riddle, compared to this. I remember a poor girl's story in the "Book of Martyrs." The "dry pan and the gradual fire" were the images that frightened her most. How many have withered and wasted under as slow a torment in the walls of that larger inquisition which we call civilization!

For that great procession of the unloved, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray, under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban; hide it even from themselves; perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them; there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that pity has not sounded. Somewhere, somewhere love is in store for them; the universe must not be allowed to

fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by God-given instincts!

O. W. Holmes.

FROM ENDYMION.

NO one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touched its strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

H. W. Longfellow.

REFLECTED HAPPINESS.

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, and am sure to be in good humor for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family; I feel a sort of cousinship or uncleship for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitory bachelorship. I carry this humor so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend.

Charles Lamb.

From "Much Ado About Nothing"—Act ii., Scene i.

LEONATO.—Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEATRICE.—Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face.

LEONATO.—You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE.—What should I do with him? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the beard-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO.—Well, then, go you into hell?

BEATRICE.—No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids;* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Shakespeare.

"AS grandmamma says, be in no hurry, deary; if you get a good husband at last, ye'll not have waited too long; and if ye get a bad one, ye'll wish you'd waited longer."

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FUNNY and free are a bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life,
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog, for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.
Old ones are two devils, haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly, days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life;
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule;
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.

Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare!

Horace Smith.

OUR IDEALS.

IT had been the ambition of Mademoiselle Baptistine to be able to buy a parlor lounge, with cushion of Utrecht velvet roses, on a yellow ground, while the mahogany should be in the form of swan's necks. But this would have cost at least five hundred francs; and, as she had been able to save only forty-two francs and two sous, for the purpose, in five years, she had finally given it up. *But who ever does attain to his Ideal?*

Victor Hugo.

EXACTIONS OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

WHEN you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already crowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar consideration, and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles, and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them!

Wilkie Collins.

A BACHELOR'S IGNORANCE.

"WOMEN have seven reasons always for everything they do." "What do you know by any possibility about women? you, who are *bachelor bachelorum?* I tell you, sir, that until you marry, you are in utter darkness; darkness—and desolation!"

Mansfield.

A BACHELOR'S QUESTION.

DONNE, donne, eterni Dei chi v'arriva a indovinar?

Ruffini.

WHOEVER is free from wrangling is a bachelor.

St. Jerome.

SONG OF ANTICIPATION.

O DEAR, I'm beginning to tremble,
Only think of what people would say,
If I should not chance to get married!
Let me see—I am twenty next May.

Why, I can remember the time,
When twenty I thought an old maid!
But I yet shall encounter the time,
When I think it's quite young, I'm afraid!

For myself, I don't think I should mind,
I could live very happy alone,
But people so laugh at old maids,
And I don't like a laugh, I must own.

And to have a whole volley of aunts,
And cousins, insulting my ear,
With, "I wonder you are not engaged,
At your age I was married, my dear!"

Now, what is more teazing than this,
'Tis worse than the creak of a door,
I'd wed the first fool that came stalking along,
If I need not hear this any more!

But to folly and wisdom I'll give,
A brief sketch of my person and life,
"*Verbum sat*," take my word for it, I
Should make a most excellent wife!

My eyes rather border on green,
My figure is not very tall,
But I dress in extreme of the style,
And that you know makes up for all!

My face's not so broad as the moon's,
My foot's very well when it's hid;
I don't call myself ugly, I'm sure;
Was there ever a maiden that did?

I never but once was in love;
The years since it happened are three;
But my pride made me act like a prude,
And my chosen one would not choose me!

When tired of loving, unloved,
I thought the best thing was to die,
So I wore a long face a long while,
And never would speak sans a sigh!

But my health was remarkably good,
And all I could do 'twould not fail;
Not a friend would confess I looked thin,
And I could not contrive to look pale!

When cut both by love and by death,
I began to be rude as a bear;
Full of frolics, and capers, and fun,
To make matter-of-fact people stare!

Now to folly and wisdom I've given
A sketch of my person and life;
"Verbum sat," take my word for it, I
Should make a most excellent wife!

But if "nobody's coming to marry,
Nobody coming to woo,"
I'll flourish a cheery old maiden,
And laugh with the laughers too!

My face shall be full of sunshine,
My spirit a "house of glee,"
My heart full of loving-kindness,
Though nobody marry me!

Elizabeth Austin.

KIZZY KRINGLE.

I AM an old maid. Perhaps I might have been married. Perhaps not. I don't know as that is anybody's business. I have a little room I call my own. Old maids like to have a good time as well as other folks; so I don't shut myself moping in my little salt-box of a room. When the four walls

close too tight around me, there are four or five families where I go visiting. Everybody is glad to see me. If the baby has the colic, I tend it; if Willie wants a new tail to his kite, I make it; if Lottie has torn her best frock, I mend it; and if papa comes slily up to me, and slips a dickey into my hand, I sew the missing string on, and say nothing. I have lately made the acquaintance of a new family, who have a whole house-full of children—not one too many, according to my way of thinking. Louisas and Marys, and Lauras and Annas, and Frankies and Harries, beside a little baby that its mother has not had time to name. I love to watch little children. I love to hear them talk, when they don't think I am listening. I love to read to them, and watch their eyes sparkle. They are oftener much pleasanter company than grown people; at least, so Kizzy thinks. But that is only an old maid's opinion.

Fanny Fern.

THE FORSAKEN.

I LEANT my back against an aik,
Methought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and then it brak;
So my true-love did lichtly me!

O waly, waly, love is bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

Oh, wherefor should I busk my head?
Oh, wherefor should I kame my hair?
Sin' my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never luve me mair!

But had I wist before this day,
That luve had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinned it with a siller pin!

Auld Sang.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

SWEET, thou hast trod on a heart.
Pass! there's a world full of men;
And women as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware,—
Malice no one can impute;
And why should a heart have been there,
In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
Not was it a thorn that could rend;
Put up thy proud under-lip!
'Twas merely the heart of a friend.

And yet, peradventure, one day
Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
Remarking the bloom gone away,
Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain
From hundreds who flattered before,
Such a word as, "Oh, not in the main
Do I hold thee less precious, but more!"

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,
"Of all I have known or can know,
I wish I had only that heart
I trod upon ages ago!"

E. B Browning.

THE first rule to insure happiness is to forget one's self.

THE disenchanted earth to me had no lustre to lose; but I remembered that *others* continued to see it in the rainbow lines of varied bliss.

'TIS better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

In Memoriam, xxvii.

TALK not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

From Evangeline—Part ii.

WHY should we faint, and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die;
Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh!

Each in its hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
Our eyes are all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

Keble.

A PICTURE.

A CHEERFUL, contented, benevolent and popular lady, seldom behind the fashion, or behind the news and literature of the day, beloved by nephews and nieces, married brothers, sisters, and cousins; a tower of strength in times of sickness and family troubles; a favorite visitor, yet not always visiting, nor staying too long; sometimes on the contrary, having a snug little home of her own, where pet nephews and nieces spend a few days most delightfully; a guardian angel to the poor; a valuable auxiliary to the clergyman and clergyman's wife; in high esteem and respect among the tradespeople, a famous letter-writer, and fabricator of most delightful fancy work. Aunt Kate, Aunt Lucy, Aunt Susan, and a host of aunts, who have been pretty young women in their time, and who now have "something than beauty dearer." They are the salt of the country, and greatly do they contribute to the support of the social affections.

Eclectic Review.

BUT after all, peradventure, it is sweeter to love, than to be loved.

NOT A MISTAKE.

OUR neighbor over the way, passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a *mistake* in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people think of her solitary hours of bitter regret, and please their imaginations with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she has lost all that makes life beautiful. But this old maid who is thus pitied for a secret sorrow, is a woman whose nature is a tropic, in which the sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom forever. There are no regrets, no doubts and half wishes, but a calm sweetness, a transparent peace. I saw her blush when her old lover passed by, or paused to speak to her, but it was only the sign of delicate feminine consciousness. She knew his love, and honored it, although she could not understand it, nor return it. Although all the world had exclaimed at her indifference to such homage, and had declared it was astonishing she should lose so fine a match, she would only say simply and quietly, "If the highest Ideal of manly nobleness, intellect, and worth, loved me, and I did not *love*, how could I marry?"

G. W. Curtis.

JEAN PAUL'S QUESTIONS.

HOW, my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast? and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever?

THEY are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Sir Philip Sydney.

ONE can always stoop, and pick up nothing.

Old Proverb.

YET to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.

William Austin.

OLD MAIDS.

OLD maids, old maids, I love old maids, though snarling cynics say,
That wrinkles, spleen, and coquetry have claimed them for their prey;
When scribbling rhymers rail at them and show self-lack of sense,
Shame on the bard that would not raise a pen in their defence!

In youth, when woman's opening charms attract the gazer's eye,
And woman's snowy bosom heaves with passion's tender sigh;
How oft the bright pure fountain of her rich affection flowing,
Is like a sea-ward streamlet to waste and ruin going!

Some fop, perchance, hath trifled with the heart he could not prize,
Or cold beneath the churchyard turf a blighted lover lies,
And maiden truth and constancy enshrined within her breast,
Are made the poetaster's theme to point a stupid jest!

Her life in deeds of charity and kindness glides away,
And often wedlock's saddened victims are by her made gay;
The wife that's left to pine or die in solitude or grief,
Oft turns to maiden tenderness for solace and relief.

Then tell us not of married dames excelling single ladies;
This matrimony now-a-days with most a scheming trade is,
To "multiply by two," oft means to multiply with nought,
And fortune-seeking man and wife are often sadly caught.
They are some nuisances surpassing bachelors or maids,
Viz.: noosed and rhyming Benedicts who once were roaring blades;
Who, like the fabled fox that lost his tail, would recommend
Their own sad plight to each unfettered male and female friend.

United States Gazette.

SONG OF CASSANDRA.

THEY say, "'Tis time, go, marry, go!"
But I will have no husband; no!
I'd rather live serene and still
Upon a solitary hill,
Than bend me to a husband's will;
No! I will have no husband; no!

So, mother, think not I shall wed,
And through a tiresome life be led;

The man has not been born, I ween,
Who as my husband shall be seen;
For I will live all carelessly,
And never ask, nor anxious be,
Of wedded weal or woe;
In vain you say, "Go, marry, go!"
For I will have no husband; no!

From a Dramatic Eclogue, by Gil Vicente.

ONE thing thou must not long for, if thou love a life serene:
A woman for thy wife, though she were a crowned queen.

From the Persian.

SOLILOQUY OF A BACHELOR.

I DO much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace!

Shakespeare.

The tree
Sucks kindlier nature from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.

Henry Taylor.

OH! shallow and mean heart! dost thou conceive so little of *love* as not to know that it sacrifices all—*love itself*—for the happiness of the one it loves?

HER lot is on you—to be found untired
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain;
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be in vain,
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things—therefore pray.

Felicia Hemans.

A REMONSTRANCE,

Addressed to a Friend who complained of being Alone in the World.

OH! say not thou art all alone
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;
Sigh not o'er joys forever flown—
The vacant chair, the silent hearth;
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude?

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place;

Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine—
The fadeless love, all pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems of price untold
From many a pure unsullied page—
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's love are still thine own;
For while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh! how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicala's glee;
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone! the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies—
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify;
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say, thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall;

A saving hand is ever nigh,
  A gracious Power attends thy call,
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
  Is oft his tenderest mercy shown;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
  And thou canst never be alone!

Alaric A. Watts.

OLD AGE.

OLD AGE.

AULD AGE.

A Treaty.

IS that Auld Age that's tirling at the pin?
I trow it is—then haste to let him in;
Ye're kindly welcome, friend; na, dinna fear,
To show yourself, ye'll cause nae trouble here.
I ken there are who tremble at your name,
As tho' ye bro't wi' ye reproach or shame;
And wha, o' thousand lies wad bear the sin
Rather than own ye for their kith and kin;
But far frae shirking ye as a disgrace
Thankful I am to have lived to see your face;
Nor sall I e'er disown ye, nor tak pride
To think how long I might your visit bide;
Doing my best to mak ye weel respecked,
I'll no for your sake fear to be neglecked;
But now ye're come, and through all kinds of weather;
We're doomed from this time forth, to jog thegither;
I'd fain mak compact wi' ye, firm and strong,
In terms of fair giff-gaff to hold out long;
Gin thou'lt be civil, I sall liberal be,
Witness the lang lang list o' what I'll gie—
First then, I here make owre for gude and ay,
All youthful fancies whether bright or gay;

Beauties and graces, too, I wad resign them,
But, sair, I fear 't would cost you fash to find them;
For 'gainst your Daddy Time they could not stand,
Nor bear the grip o' his onsonsy hand;
But there's my skin which ye may further crinkle,
And write your name at length in ilka wrinkle;
On my brown locks you've leave to lay your paw,
And bleach them to your fancy, white as snaw;
But look na, Age, sae wistful at my mouth,
As gin ye langed to pull out ilka tooth!
Let them, I do beseech, still keep their places,
Tho' gin ye wish't ye're free to paint their faces,
My limbs I yield ye, and if ye see meet,
Your icy shackles fasten on my feet.
Sae muckle wad I gie wi' right good will,
But och! I fear, that mair ye look for still.
I ken by that fell glare, and meaning shrug,
Ye'd clap your skinny fingers on each lug;
And unco fain ye are, I trow, and keen,
To cast your misty powders in my 'een.
But O, in mercy, spare my poor wee twinkers,
And I for aye sall wear your crystal blinkers,
Then 'bout my lugs I'd fain a bargain mak,
And gie my hand that I sall ne'er draw back.
Weel, then, wad ye consent their use to share,
Thus I wad ha't—When babbling fools intrude,
Gabbling their noisy nonsense, long and loud;
Or when ill-nature weel brushed up by wit—
Wi' sneer sarcastic takes its aim to hit;
Or when detraction, meanest slave o' pride,
Spies out wee faults, and seeks great worth to hide,
Then mak me deaf, as deaf as deaf can be,
At all sic times I lend my lugs to thee.

But when in social hour ye see combined,
Genius and wisdom, fruits of heart and mind,
Good sense, good humor, wit in playful mood,
And candor e'en from ill, extracting good;
O then, auld friend, I must hae back my hearing,
To want it then wad be an ill past bearing.
Better to lonely sit in the douf spence,
Than catch the sough o' words without the sense;
Ye winna promise? Och, ye're unko dour,
Sae ill to manage, and sae cauld and sour;
Nae matter, hail and sound I'll keep my heart,
Nor frae a crum o't sall I ever part—
Its kindly warmth will ne'er be chilled by a'
The cauldest breath your frozen lips can blaw,
Ye needna fash your thumb, auld carl, nor fret,
For there affection shall preserve its seat;
And tho' to tak my hearing ye rejoice,
Yet spite o' you, I'll still hear friendship's voice.
Thus, tho' ye tak the rest, it sha' na grieve me,
For ae blythe spark o' spirits ye maun leave me,
And let me tell ye in your lug, Auld Age,
I'm bound to travel wi' ye, but ae stage—
Be't lang or short, ye canna keep me back,
And when we reach the end o't, ye maun pack,
For there we part forever, late or air
Another guess companion meets me there,
To whom ye, will ye, nill ye, maun me bring,
Nor think that I'll be wae, or laith to spring
Frae your poor dosened side, ye carl uncouth,
To the blest arms of everlasting youth.
By him, whate'er ye've rifled, stolen, or ta'en,
Will a' be given wi' interest back again,
Fraught by all gifts and graces, thousands moe,
Than hearts can think of, freely he'll bestow;

Ye need na wonder then, nor swell wi' pride,
Because I kindly welcome ye as guide;
To ane far, far your better—Now a's tauld,
Let us set out upon our journey cauld;
Wi' nae vain boasts, nor vain regrets tormented,
We'll e'en jog on the gate, calm and contented.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

GOLDEN WORDS.

BUT now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the foot-sculls because your arms are too weak, and after dazzling awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles; if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low, that where its flames reverberated, there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

O. W. Holmes.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

BOW your heads very low,
Solemn, measured be your paces,
Gathered up in grief your faces,
Sing sad music as ye go;
In disordered handfuls strew
Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue;

In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leavèd tomb
In the darkness lonely.
Let the nightshade's beaded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The amaranth upon the ground
As an unbelievèd thing.
What care we for its fair tale
Of beauties that can never fail,
Glories that can never wane?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again!
Alas! we know not how he went,
We knew not he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We had stayed him with their flowing.
It was as an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men;
We were hopeless, every one!
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress, the same
Perfect face and perfect frame;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him?
Firm his step, as one who knows
He is free where'er he goes,
And withal as light of spring
As the arrow from the string;

His impassioned eye had got
Fire which the sun has not;
Silk to feel, and gold to see,
Fell his tresses full and free,
Like the morning mists that glide
Soft adown the mountain's side.
Most delicious 'twas to hear
When his voice was trilling clear,
As a silver-hearted bell,
Or to follow its low swell,
When, as dreamy winds that stray
  Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,
Inner music seemed to play
  Symphony to all his words;
In his hand was poised a spear,
Deftly poised, as to appear
Resting of its proper will.
Thus a merry hunter still,
And engarlanded with bay,
Must our youth have gone away;
Though we half remember now
  He had borne some little while
  Something mournful in his smile,
Something serious on his brow.
Think with him how gay of yore
  We made sunshine out of shade;
Think with him how light we bore
  All the burden sorrow laid;
All went happily about him—
How shall we toil on without him?
How, without his cheering eye,
  Constant strength embreathing ever?
How, without him standing by,
  Aiding every hard endeavor?

For when faintness or disease
Had usurped upon our knees,
If he designed our lips to kiss
With those loving lips of his,
We were lightened of our pain,
We were up and hale again.
Oh! if love, the sister dear
  Of youth that we have lost,
Come not in swift pity here,
  Come not with a host
Of affections, strong and kind,
To hold up our sinking mind;
If she will not of her grace
Take her brother's holy place,
And be to us, at least a part,
Of what he was, in life and heart;
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but death.

Richard Monckton Milnes.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
  And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
  With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
  Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
  Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring;
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

O. W. Holmes.

SONG.

OH! for the days when I was young!
When I thought that I should ne'er be old,
When the songs came a bubbling off my tongue,
And the girl that heard the ballad I sung
Never thought if my pocket held copper or gold;
Oh! for the days when I was young!

And yet in the days when I was young,
In the days that now I remember well,
Hot words like sparks around I flung,
And snatching at honey I often was stung,
And what I have lost it's hard to tell;
So I would rather be old than young!

John Sterling.

I FIND myself often moralizing on the present fast age, and sighing over the "good old times." Well, let me be grateful that the threads of my life have been woven into so full a web, and mingled in so many fair colors; and let my prayer be, that I may *not* say with Hood:

"It gives me little joy
To think I'm *farther off* from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

But rather that I may make some approaches to that blest abode—

"And nightly pitch my roving tent
A day's march nearer *home.*"

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

From "Divine Poems," written by Edmund Waller at 82.

JOYS OF OLD AGE.

PEOPLE place age and youth opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth, its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them. Yes, the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of his journey. No passions disturb the evening meal of the other; no restless endeavors disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then with more confidence cast all our cares and anxieties on God. We have then proved him!

Frederika Bremer.

EN viellissant, elle avait gagné ce qu'on pourrait appeler la beauté de la bonté.

Victor Hugo.

BOYS AND GIRLS FOREVER.

HEAVEN be thanked for the young old boys and the young old girls—boys and girls forever—who, even when the evening of life is falling around them, interchange the sweet caresses that call back the days of courtship and early marriage!

Dr. J. G. Holland.

CHILDHOOD itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

L. M. Child.

ONE GOOD OLD MAN.

I THINK that to have known one good old man—one man, who, through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm-branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons.

G. W. Curtis.

BEAUTY OF AGE.

A Picture.

BY her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap, into which she was sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age,

was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except peace on earth, good-will to men, and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don't somebody wake up to the beauty of old women?

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

A HUMAN heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the reproduction of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn leaves.

L. M. Child.

THROW yourself upon Nature every year, *she* is ever *new*, and *you* will thus be ever *young*.

THE Poet, like Apollo, his Father, *is forever a youth.*

Jean Paul.

To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.

Thomas Campbell.

HAVE you seen, my reader, the face that had grown old in life grow young after death? the expression of many years since, lost for long, come out startlingly in the features,

fixed and cold? Every one has seen it; and it is sometimes strange how rapidly the change takes place. It is a beautiful sight to see the young look come back on the departed Christian's face. Gone, it seems to say, where the progress of time shall no longer bring age or decay. Gone where there are beings whose life may be reckoned by centuries, but to whom life is fresh and young, and always will be so. Close the aged eyes! Fold the aged hands in rest. Their owner is no longer old!

Boyd.

WE grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.

R. W. Emerson.

LIFE is but Thought, so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

IT stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it;
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herd go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folks sit in the sun
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood—
That has soothed her in many a care—
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by the gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of Spring time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how trees have grown,
Since clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dimmed her "hair's young gold,"
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together;
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystic road
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose "builder and maker is God."

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished Spring-time
Will bloom in the spirits' track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angels hold printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the West
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

De soir, fontaines, de matin montaignes.

COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadows' fall
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight?

And, brothers and sisters, older now,
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time,
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done;

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of Paradise
For her children's coming feet.

Alice Cary.

THE PLEASURE VOYAGE.

I WISH I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see;
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad, white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if ever Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billow's roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set—
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And lack-a-day! was all unfit
To guide the boat aright.

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ;
Hope she believed; she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy
To steer which way he chose;

But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared,
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent—

To where upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from the sun none now could see,
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the brow,
Turns oft—she sees the shore—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says, the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh! that I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see;
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage bent.

G. P. R. James.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

Dean Swift.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide,
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overheard.)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

Bryan Walter Proctor.

THE GOOD OLD FRIEND.

MY good old friend, "he tirled at the pin,"
He opened the door and entered in;
We were all glad to see his face,
As he took at the fire his 'customed place,
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcomed me.
He knew our griefs, our joys he shared;
There cannot be friend with him compared—

I and my friend, we were bred together.
He had a smile like the summer weather,
A kind, warm heart, and a hand as free:
My friend, he was all the world to me!

Mary Howitt.

"IT'S hard we canna just remain young a' the days we have to bide below, there's no sae mony o' them. I never could see the use of growing auld."

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Bailey's Festus.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said—
"Oh! I am quite
Bewildered with affright;
I see (sit quiet now!) a *white* hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round—
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

Walter Savage Landor.

WHAT matters it to him whose way
Lies upward with the immortal dead,
A few more hairs are turning gray,
A few more years of life are fled!

Prof. Norton.

"LORD, keep my memory green."

GROWING old is like bodily existence refining away into spiritual life. True, the ripeness of the soul is hidden in the decay of the body; but so is many a ripe fruit in its husk.

William Mountford.

DEATH is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the king's,
Larger than this we have, and lovelier.

P. J. Bailey.

EVENING.

I.

WHEN eve empurples cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow;
Not softer on the western wave,
The golden lines of sunset glow.

II.

Then all by chance or fate removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye,
The few we liked, the *one* we loved,
And the whole heart is memory!

III.

And Life is like this fading hour,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yet as its shadows round us lower,
Heaven pours above the brighter blaze.

IV.

When morning paints with gorgeous dye,
Our hope, our heart to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its *eve*, to Heaven.

Croly.

CHANGE o'er the youthful frame must roll,
But love and life are of the soul!

CALL him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring, with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart—
Turn to the record where his years are told—
Count his gray hairs, they cannot make him old!

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, No. vii.

A HEALTHY *old* fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. At that time of life we have nothing to *manage*, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth; and whether the rest of the world will *give* us the privilege, or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can *take* it.

Richard Steele.

THE rarest of attainments is to grow old happily and gracefully.

L. M. Child.

TEMPERANCE.

WOULDST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Would see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers:
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

Richard Crashaw.

AS I approve of a youth, that has something of the Old Man in him, so I am no less pleased with an Old Man that has something of the youth.

Cicero.

USE OF EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE learned ae thing in my auld age, that it's wrang in folk to be ower misleared and importunate in their requests to their Maker. It's best to be thankful and grateful for what

we receive, and gie him just his ain way o' things. He's nae likely to gang far wrang; an' gin he were, it's nae use crying a', ane for ane thing, and ane for anither, that likely to pit him right again.

THE SAFE SIDE.

THEN cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief;
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceived,
(That I man's soul immortal have believed;)
And if I err, no power shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness.
Though some minute philosophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleasures end;
If it be so, I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride!

Sir John Denham.

OLD friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

John Selden.

DOST thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Twelfth Night—Act II., Scene IV.

SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight—
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing, bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside,
And in other parts, d'ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

George Colman.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

"Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSSIAN.

OH, say not so! A bright old age is thine,
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all He sends with gratitude receives.

May such a quiet, thankful close be mine;
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me
A peaceful throne, which thou wert form'd to fill;
Thy children, ministers who do thy will;
And those grand-children sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects looking up to thee
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

Bernard Barton.

SO live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

IT seems as though, at the approach of a certain dark hour, the *light of heaven* infills those who are leaving the light of earth.

Victor Hugo.

NOW, for my life, it is a miracle of —— years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable.

Thomas Browne.

ON parent knees a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiles;
To live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

From the Persian; translated by Sir William Jones.

WHEN an old man was asked how he had attained to an old age so serene and lovely, he said: "I have never rejoiced at any evil which happened to my neighbor."

I CAN well believe in my being to live hereafter. *How*, indeed, I am to live, I do not know; but, then, neither do I know how I do live *now*. This living from day to day is astonishing, when it is thought of; and we are let feel the miracle of it, so, perhaps, that our being to live again may not be too wonderful for our belief.

Mountford's Euthanasy.

BEHIND THE MASK.

IT was an old distorted face,
An uncouth visage, rough and wild;
Yet from behind, with laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so contrasting, fair and bright,
It made me of my fancy ask,
If half earth's wrinkled grimness might
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow,
And withered look that life puts on,
Each as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For, while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old!

And pain, and petulance, and care,
And wasted hope and sinful stain
Shape the strange guise the soul doth wear,
Till her young life look forth again.

The beauty of his boyhood's smile—
What human faith could find it now
In yonder man of grief and guile—
A very Cain, with branded brow?

Yet, overlaid and hidden, still
It lingers—of his life a part;
As the scathed pine upon the hill
Holds the young fibres at his heart.

And, haply round the Eternal Throne,
Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known
But for the face behind the mask!

Atlantic Monthly.

THE SPARK DIVINE.

AMONG the dying, I have observed some who have been the reverse of noble or great during life, and who, some hours before their death, or perhaps some moments, have shown an inexpressible ennobling of the countenance. Everybody saw a new man; coloring, drawing, and grace, all was new, all bright, as the morning; heavenly; beyond expression, noble, and exalted; the most inattentive must see, the most insensible feel, the image of God. I saw it break forth and shine through the ruins of corruption; was obliged to turn aside in silence and adore. Yes, glorious God! Still art thou there, in the weakest, most fallible of men!

Johann Caspar Lavater.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;
But now those past delights I drop,
My Head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipp'd his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all, and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead,
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a whoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself,
The world knocks to and fro—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My Authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school;
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool.

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh;
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang,
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As then; no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill,
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even! and that small Turk
That fagged me! worse is now my work;
A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form which always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit won for home;
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days—
For fame, a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach,
The joyous shout, the loud approach,
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams!"

When that I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind;
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

Thomas Hood.

THE days of our youth! had we a grip o' them back again, how different like wad we use them; at least so we think, but wha can hinder the wind to blaw? Youth winna be guided.

IT is a fine thing to ripen without shrivelling; to reach the calmness of age, yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

Boyd.

OF this old man, let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.

OLD AGE.

WHEN life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in four-score years, and, dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the

mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard, that whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

R. W. Emerson.

THE acts of this life shall be the fate of the next.

Eastern Saying.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

MY days go by, till I stand despairing;
For those were evil, and these were vain,
Yet hope, my heart, for the time is nearing
When I may renew my life again.

E. S. Turner.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain;
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-spent.

That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his,
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

William C. Bryant.

MEMORY, wit, fancy, acuteness, cannot grow young again in old age; but the *heart* can.

Jean Paul.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I USED to think, when I, a child,
Played with the pebbles on the shore,
Of the clear river, rippling wild,
That rolled before my father's door,
How long, how very long 't would be
Ere I could live out fifty years;
To think of it oft checked my glee,
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma as she sat,
Her forehead decked with silvery rime,
And thought "When I'm as old as that,
Must I darn stockings all the time?
Must I sit in an arm-chair so,
A white frilled cap around my face,
With dull drab strings, and ne'er a bow,
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,
The "Hush" her lips so oft let fall,
Made me wish o'er and o'er again,
I never might grow old at all.
Yet she was ever cheerful, and
Would ofttimes join our sports and mirth;
And many a play by her was planned
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,
She did not gather pretty flowers,
She did not sing with merry look,
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.
So, when she said, one sunny morn,
"You will be old, like me, some day,"
I wept like one of hope forlorn,
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam
The glen in spring, for violets blue,
Or bring the bright May blossoms home,
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew!
Be old! and in the summer time
Take weary naps in mid-day hours,
And fail the Chandler trees to climb,
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and have no nutting-bees
Upon the hillside, rustling brown,
Or hang upon the vine-clad trees,
And shout the rich ripe clusters down!
Be old! and sit round wintry fires!
Be fifty! have no sliding spree!
And hush away all wild desires!
I thought 't were better not to be.

But two-score years have glided by,
With summer's heat and winter's cold,
With sunny hours and clouded sky,
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old.
The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,
That used to dangle in the wind;
And eyes are dim, and feet move slow,
That left my playmates all behind.

* * * * *

But life has pleasures holier still
Than childhood's play with all its zest,
That, as we journey down the hill,
Make each succeeding year the best.
Now stalwart men are at my hearth,
And "bonnie lassies" laughing free,
That had not lived on this good earth,
To love and labor, but for me.

And shall I pine for childhood's joys,
For woodland walks and violets blue,
While round me merry girls and boys
Are doing what I used to do?
My days of toil, my years of care,
Have never chilled my spirit's flow,
Or made one flower of life less fair
Than in the spring-time long ago.

The paths I trod were sometimes rough,
And sharp and piercing to my feet;
Yet there were daisied walks enough
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.
Friends that I loved have passed from sight
Before me to my spirit home;
But in the day that knows no night,
I know they'll greet me when I come.

Hopes that I cherished, too, were vain;
But I have lived to feel and know
That were life to live o'er again,
'Twere better that it should be so.
At every winding of the way
I've sought for love, and love have given;
For love can cheer the darkest day,
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh, ye who're passing down, like me
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong
And teach the lisper at your knee
That fifty years is not *so long;*
That if they would be ever young,
And free from dolorous pain and care,
The life-harp must be ever strung
With love of duty everywhere.

As violins in foreign lands,
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,
When mended and in skilful hands,
Make sweeter music than before;
So, oft the heart, by sorrow torn,
Gives forth a loftier, clearer song
Than that which greeted us at morn,
When it was new, and brave, and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,
These fifty years, which now are passed;
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the fall
Of death my form shall hide at last.
Let me in love and kindness still
Live on, and ne'er grow hard and cold;
Bend me and break me to thy will,
But may my spirit ne'er grow old!

Frances D. Gage.

WHEN the little one sits on your knee, and lays upon your shoulder a little head with golden ringlets, you do not mind very much though your own hair (what is left of it) is getting shot with gray.

Boyd.

A PERSON is always startled when he hears himself seriously called *old* for the first time.

O. W. Holmes.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed you with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!

R. H. Stoddard.

THE memory of youth is—a sigh!

Old Proverb.

FROM "HALL OF FANTASY."

NEVERTHELESS I confide the whole matter to Providence, and shall endeavor so to live, that the world may come to an end at any moment, without leaving me at a loss to find foothold somewhere else.

Hawthorne.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Annie?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh! but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy you say is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tripp'd in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.

The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup'd the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopp'd; there pass'd by the gate of the farm,
Willy—he didn't see me—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
"Sweet-heart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still."

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and clasp'd me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the baby had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way.
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side;
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Pattering she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie plowing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willie, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad;
But mine is a time of peace, and there is grace to be had,
And God, not man, is the judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again,
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willie has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next.
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: Thank God that I keep my eyes,
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away;
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

Alfred Tennyson.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

'Mid the crowd that comes to meet
Spirits sin-forgiven—
Listening to their echoing feet
Down the streets of heaven,
Shall I know a footstep near,
That I listen, wait for here?

Then will one approach the brink
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, I will go with thee,
That thou art not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
I have waited only
Until now, to climb with thee
Yonder hill of mystery.

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?

What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
  After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
  With their glory round them;
But at first without surprise
Let me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
  Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow
  Life's immortal fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
  Bids us help each other;
Who his well beloved hath
  Made our Elder Brother;
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
  O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know,
  Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

Lucy Larcom.

ONLY what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

Humboldt.

SET thine house in order.

Isaiah xxxviii. 1.

THE satisfactions of this life are many; but there will come a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed on me; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

From Cicero "On Old Age."

FLIGHT OF TIME.

WE are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep, to find her magnificent ropes of pearl necklace by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off forever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case.

TRAVELING IN FOREIGN LANDS.

THERE is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying, that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand the azure curtains which are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for *we* are not dead—

there is nothing dead to speak of—and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any maps that we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could.

PRAYER OF ALEXANDER PEDEN.

LORD, thou hast been both good and kind to old Sanny through a long tract of time, and given him many years in thy service, which have been as so many months; but now he is tired of thy world, and hath done all the good in it that he will do, let him away with the honesty that he has, for he will gather no more.

A SUMMARY SUMMING-UP OF DIFFICULT SUMS.

THE sum of all science:—Perhaps.

The sum of all morality:—Love what is good, and practice it.

The sum of all creeds:—Believe what is true, (to you) and do not tell all you believe.

Residuum of a Library.

LIFE.

LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Yet steal away, give little warning,
Say not, "Good night," but in some happier clime
Bid me, "Good morning."

Anna Letitia Barbauid.

Death did not seem
So much even as the lifting of a latch—
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light which shone through its transparent walls.

THIS world I deem but a beautiful dream
Of shadows which are not what they seem;
Where visions rise giving dim surmise
Of the things which shall meet our *waking* eyes.

Soon the whole,
Like a parched scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I've ever been!

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Dedicated to Coleridge.

Mysterious night, when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened on his view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus *deceive*, wherefore not life?

Blanco White.

OUR BIRTH IS YET TO COME.

DEATH is Birth. And as in this life we woke into consciousness in the arms of loving friends, so we may venture to hope our next waking will be bosomed by that Eternal Love which provided this shelter for us here.

F. H. Hedge.

THE END.

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